UC-NRLF
B 4 043 270

THE ODES OF HORACE,

IN ENGLISH.

THE ODES OF HORACE,

IN ENGLISH,

IN THE ORIGINAL METRES.

BY THE

REV. PHILIP E. PHELPS, M.A.

JAMES PARKER AND CO.,
6 SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND, LONDON;
AND 27 BROAD-STREET, OXFORD.
1897.

PA6395
P54
1897
MAIN

TO THE VERY REV.

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D.D.

MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

ETC., ETC., ETC.,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY HIS GRATEFUL FRIEND,

THE TRANSLATOR.

PREFACE.

IN adding one more to the many Translations of Horace which are before the Public, the present Translator craves indulgence chiefly on the ground that his Version is unique, being the only one in which the Poet appears in an English dress *in the Horatian metres*.

He is sensible how far any English Version, or indeed one in any other language, falls short of the inimitable graces of the Original, but he has tried to do his best.

To two classes of Readers he may perhaps commend his book. The Scholar may possibly find amusement in perusing his old friend's style imitated in English;—while the English reader may feel an interest in reading the famous Latin Poet in a Version which attempts to shew him not only *what Horace wrote*, but to present it, metrically at least, *as he wrote it*.

For *his* information, the arrangement of syllables in Horace's three principal metres is here appended, as illustrated in three specimen stanzas:—

(I.) *Asclepiad Metre* (as BOOK I. ODE I., &c.).

(All similar lines in this Ode.)

"O Mæ | cenas, my friend | sprung from a race | of Kings."

There are other varieties of this metre (as in ODE V., &c.).

(II.) *Sapphic Metre* (as Book I. Ode II., &c.).

"Now e | nough snow | and hail in | visi | tation
"Dire hath | the Fa | ther sent, and | with his | right hand
"Flaming | against | the cita | dels so | sacred,
"Frighten'd the | City."

(Note.—This metre is best *read in its general flow*, without regard to these divisions (as in *Canning's Poem*, see below *).

(III.) *Alcaic Metre* (as Book I. Ode IX., &c.).

"See how | Sorac | te || stands white with | deep'ning snow, |
"Nor can | the lab | ring || forests sus | tain the load
"That press | es on | them, while | the ri | vers
"Stand all con | geal'd into | icy | masses."

The Translator has a favour to ask from his classic reader—which is, that he will not expect the long and short Latin syllables to be so rendered at all times in English—this were an impossible task—but that he will content himself with such a general rendering of the metres, as, e.g., Canning has given (in Sapphics) in his well-known poem, * *The Needy Knifegrinder.*

BOOK I.

ODE I. (To Mæcenas.)

O Mæcenas, my friend, sprung from a race of kings,
Thou, my safeguard, and eke sweetest of ornaments ;
There are, whom it delights, clouds of Olympic dust
To collect, and the goal, shav'd by the glowing wheels,
And Palm, lords of the earth lifts to the height of heav'n.

This man, if fickle crowds of the Quiritians
Strive to raise up on high with triple meed of praise,
That one, if safely he in his own barn hath stor'd
All that ever is swept from Libyan threshing-floors—
Him too—whose joy it is his father's fields to cleave
With spade or with his hoe,—wealth of an Attalus
Ne'er would tempt to set sail—poor, timid voyager,
And in Cyprian bark cut the Myrtoan sea.

When stern Africus strives with the Icarian waves,
Then the merchantman lauds, fearing the storm, the rest
And sweet country-delights of his belovèd town,
Yet soon, (poverty's pangs wholly untaught to bear),
He his tempest-tost craft fits out again for sea.

Some there are, who enjoy cups of old Massic wine,
And to lazily spend large parts of ev'ry day,
Stretch'd at ease 'neath the shade of the green arbutus,
Or just by fountain-head of some old holy stream.

Many, warfare delights, and the shrill trumpet-sound
Mix'd with horn-blast, and dread sounds of the battlefield

Hated by mothers dear. All in the cold alone
See! the hunter remains, mindless of tender spouse,
Whether stag hath been now seen by his faithful hounds,
Or the boar hath but just burst the thin hunting-nets.
Me the ivy so green, prize of the learnèd brows,
Mingles with Gods above; me the cool forest-grove,
And the graceful nymphs' dance with the wild Satyr-band
Mark apart from the crowd, if but Euterpe give
Skill to play on the pipe, nor Polyhymnia
Deign the pow'r to refuse Lesbian lyre to tune.
But if 'mid lyric bards you will inscribe my name,
I with head borne aloft surely shall touch the stars.

ODE II. (To Augustus.)

Now enough snow and hail in visitation
Dire hath the Father sent, and with his right hand
Flaming against the citadels so sacred,
Frighten'd the city;

Frighten'd the nations, lest the age of Pyrrha
Back should return, of monsters new complaining,
When Proteus drove his flocks and herds to see the
Tops of the mountains.

And the fish dwelt amidst the elm's top branches,
(Seat that the doves had formerly frequented,)
While the deer swam amid the swelling waters
Closing around them.

Yes, we have seen the waves of yellow Tiber,
Flung with a force back from the shore Etruscan,
Go to destroy the monuments of Numa, and
Temples of Vesta.

While the uxorious river, boasting vengeance
On the behalf of Ilia, his belovèd,
Flows from his left bank, wandering, in spite of
Jove's disapproval.

Now shall our youth, few from their parents' vices,
Hear of the sword the citizens have whetted,
Sword by which Persians stern had far the better
Perish'd in battle.

Which of the Gods shall hear the praying people
Of our doom'd Empire? with what supplication
Shall holy Virgins beg the now unwilling
Vesta to hear them?

Who shall be giv'n the power of expiation
By the great Jove? O come at length, we pray thee,
Clad with a cloud about thy shining shoulders,
Augur Apollo!

Or wilt thou rather, smiling Erycina,
Whom Cupid flutters round, and lightsome laughter;—
Or thy neglected race and their descendants
See'st thou, as Author?

Ah! sated surely with too frequent slaughter,
Whom battle-cry delights, and glitt'ring helmets,
And the stern glance of Marsian horsemen, gazing
On bloody foemen.

Or with thy figure chang'd, in wingèd fashion,
Dost thou on earth a human youth resemble,
Son of kind Maia, willing to be reckon'd
Cæsar's avenger?

Late into heav'n may'st thou return! and joyful;—
Long may thy presence bless the Roman people,
Nor let the gale Elysian too quickly,
(Wroth at our vices,)

Waft thee hence! Here, the rather, mighty triumphs,
May'st thou love, here the name of Prince and Father,
Nor let the Medians unaveng'd insult us,
Cæsar, our leader.

ODE III. (To Virgil's Ship.)

So may Cyprus's Goddess-queen,
And Helena's brothers, stars brightly glittering,
And the Father of Winds, guide thee,
Shutting all others out, save the Iapyx-gale,
O ship! who, (prize entrusted thee,)
Owest my Virgil to Attica's boundaries!
Safely bring him again, I pray,
And preserve in thy love half of my life to me!
Surely oak-guard and triple brass
Must have girt round his heart, who to the raging sea
First entrusted a fragile boat,
Nor fear'd rage of the mad headlong south-western wind
Striving madly with Aquilo,
Nor the stern Hyades, nor Notus' awful rage!
Than which none has a greater force
Whether raising or else lulling the whelming sea!
Which of death's forms could frighten him
Who the sea-monsters wild could with fix'd eyes behold,
Swimming midst ocean's swelling waves;—

And those infamous rocks, Acro-ceraunia?
Vainly God in his Providence
Sever'd regions of earth by the dividing sea,
Vainly, if, notwithstanding all,
Vessels leap o'er the depths not to be ventur'd nigh:—
Bold to perpetrate ev'rything,
Man will boldly rush through all the forbidden ground; –
The bold race of Iapetus
Brought with fraud and deceit fire to our wretched race;—
When this fire had been stol'n from heav'n,
Famine's plague, and a new ravaging fever-band
Brooded madly o'er all the earth,
And, (a stranger before,) grim Death's once-halting pace
Hasten'd sadly his fatal step,
Madly Dædalus encounter'd the empty air
With wings never design'd for man.
Strength of Hercules, too, broke thro' pale Acheron.
Nought too difficult seems for man—
Heav'n itself in our mad folly we try to scale,
Nor—so great is our wickedness—
Will we let even Jove lay his dread thunder by.

ODE IV. (To Sestius.)

Stern Winter is dissolv'd by the pleasant change of Spring and Favonius,
And rollers now bring the dry ships to sea-ward—
And neither now does cattle joy in stalls, or ploughman in his hearth-fire,
Nor are the meadows whiten'd now with hoarfrosts.
Now Cytherean Venus leads the dance by the light of the moonbeams,
And, join'd with Nymphs, the band of comely Graces

Shake the earth with alternate feet, while amid the Cyclops swarthy
The ardent Vulcan labours at his forges.
Now fitting is it either to bind the shining head with myrtle garland,
Or with the flow'rs from Earth no longer frost-bound;
Now too do sacrifice to Faunus among the shady forests
Whether he ask the lamb or the kid rather.
Pale Death with foot impartial knocks at poor men's dwellings,
And tow'rs of monarchs. O belovèd Sestius,
The short sum of life forbids us to enter upon a length of hope.
Soon Night will seize thee, and the fabled Manes,
And Pluto's shadowy home, whither when once thou hast wander'd,
Nor shalt thou get by lot the banquets' kingdom,
Nor admire the tender Lycidas, with whom our whole youth of the town
Is now in love, and soon the Virgins will be.

ODE V. (To Pyrrha.)

What youth, slender and fair, 'mid the thick rosebushes,
All with odours besprent, Pyrrha, caresses thee
'Neath thy grotto delightful?
For whom bind'st thou thy golden hair,

In simplicity neat? Ah me! how oft shall he
Mourn thy perfidy, and skies, that were once so fair,
Clouded over with tempests—
And the change of the Gods to him,

Who enjoys thee, poor fool! now in thy golden hour!
Hoping thou wilt be all-loving, all fancy-free,
Knowing not the deceitful
Breeze. O! wretched are they to whom

All untried thou art fair! Me! Neptune's holy wall
Shews, on tablet devote, to have hung up aloft
Garments dripping with Ocean,
Sacred to the strong God of sea!

ODE VI. (To Agrippa.)

[a] Varius thee will describe brave and a conqueror,
[a] Varius, bard of the old song of Mæonia,
While each vict'ry he sings won by thy soldiery
Whether fought by the land or sea.

But, Agrippa, we have neither the pow'r for this,
Nor to picture the wrath of Thetis' stubborn son,
Nor wild wanderings of wily Ulixeus,
Nor stern Pelops' family;—

Slight for tasks such as these are any pow'rs of mine,
While both Modesty and Muse of the Lyre forbid
That I Cæsar's great deeds, ay! and your own, my friend,
Mar by feebly recording them.

Who can battle-clad Mars, tunic'd in adamant,
Write of worthily? who, thee too, Meriones,
Dark with Ilion's dust; or, by Minerva's help,
Tydeus' son, made a match for Gods?

[a] Pronounce as a dissyllable.

We, the songs of the feast;—strifes of the girls with boys,
(With nails par'd, not to hurt,) sing in our leisure hours,
Or, if e'er in our sports Cupid enflames our heart,
'Tis our usual levity.

ODE VII. (To Plancus.)

Other poets will praise the renown'd Rhodes, or Mitylene,
Or Ephesus, and the double-sea Corinth,
Or Thebes noted for Bacchus, or Delphi renown'd for Apollo,
Or charms of Thessalian Tempe.
There are, whose one work it is, the tow'rs of Pallas unblemish'd
In their perpetual song to ennoble,
And to prefer the olive to all the leaves of the forest.
Many a one, in honour of Juno,
Praises her Argos so noted for horses, and wealthy Mycenæ.
Me not so the firm Lacedæmon,
Nor so greatly has struck the plain of the fertile Larissa,
As does Albunea's resonant mansion,
And headlong Anio, and the grove of Tiburnus, and orchards
Fed with the rivulets' limpid water.
As from the face of the sky the south wind blows away storm-clouds,
Nor doth it always produce the showèrs,
So do thou in thy wisdom be careful to finish thy sorrows
And all the varied labours of lifetime,
Plancus, in mellow wine, whether thou be detain'd in the warlike
Camp, or whether the shade shall attract thee

Of thy lov'd Tibur. For thus, when Teucer left home and his father,
Still sustaining his courage with Bacchus,
He is said to have crown'd his brows with a chaplet of poplar,
Thus addressing his sorrowful comrades;
"Whithersoever we go, led by fortune, more kind than a parent,
There will we go, my friends and companions;—
Never despair, while Teucer is with you, your guide, and your augur,
For most surely Apollo has promis'd
That a new Salamis, twin to the old, shall the new land afford us.
O brave friends, who have oft with your leader
Suffer'd worse trials, cheer up, let sorrows dissolve in the wine-cup,
We will try the vast ocean to-morrow."

ODE VIII. (To Lydia.)

Lydia, say, I pray thee,
By all the Gods I pray, why, by love of Sybaris,
You destroy him, why the sunny
Campus he hates, he, once so patient of the dust and sun—
Why no longer as soldier
He rides among his equals, nor the Gallic horses
Tempers with bit and bridle.
Why fears he to touch the yellow Tiber, why the olive
More than the blood of viper
Does he shun, and now no longer carries
His arms all blue with discus

Or javelin often sent beyond the boundary far,
Why he hides, as Achilles
Did (they say) of old before the tearful Trojan
Funerals, lest his manly
Habit should hurry him to slaughter and the Lycian bands.

ODE IX. (To Thaliarchus.)

See how Soracte stands, white with deep'ning snow,
Nor can the lab'ring forests sustain the load
That presses on them, while the rivers
Stand all congeal'd into icy masses.

Dissolve the cold, and pile the logs plenteously
Over the hearth, and with liberality
Draw forth the Sabine four-year-old wine,
O Thaliarchus, from out the pitcher.

Leave to the Gods the rest, who, when once they have
Lull'd stormy winds contending with ocean-waves,
Nor shakes the cypress e'er so gently,
Nor does the ash of the mountain quiver—

What brings to-morrow care not to ask, and what
Fortune each day may bring, set it down as gain,
Nor, while thy vigour lasts, despise thou
Pleasures of love, nor the joys of dancing.

While the moroseness due to advancing age
Whitens not yet thy head, let the walks and park
And gentle whispers heard at nightfall
Each be repeated at fitting seasons.

Now, too, the pleasant laughter be heard, that tells
How lurking beauty hides in the corner-nook,
And token ravish'd from the arm, or
Finger, that daintily seems unwilling.

ODE X. (To Mercury.)

Mercury! nephew eloquent of Atlas,
Who the fierce manners of our modern people
Hast with thy voice re-modell'd, and with art of
Comely palæstra.

Thee will I sing, great Jove's and all th' Immortals'
Messenger, parent of the curvèd lyre-string,
Crafty, whate'er it pleases thee, in frolic
Cheat to dissemble.

Thee when of old time he had threaten'd sorely,
While with his angry voice he bid thee straightway
Bring back his oxen, losing now his quiver,
Laugh'd out Apollo.

Then the Atridæ, under thy protection,
Wealthy old Priam, when he left his Ilium,
Safely eluded, and those foes of Troy, the
Thessaly camp-fires.

Thou pious souls in joyful habitations
Placest, and with thy golden wand coercest
Lightly the airy throng, to Heav'n and Hades
Equally welcome.

ODE XI. (To Leuconoë.)

Seek not thou to enquire, (wrong to be known,) what to me, what to thee,
End the Gods may have giv'n, Leuconoë, nor Babylonian
Numbers mystical try. Better it is, whate'er it be, to bear,
Whether winters to come Jove may have giv'n, or may give this, the last,
Which now, with pumice rocks, vainly oppos'd, weakens in force the sea
Tyrrhene. O be thou wise, drink off thy wine, and from life's shorten'd space
Cut off lengthening hope. E'en while we speak, envious life will fly;—
So make use of to-day, trusting the next, little as possible.

ODE XII. (On Augustus.)

What man or hero on the lyre or shrill-voic'd
Pipe wilt thou deign to celebrate, my Clio?
What God, whom Echo from her deep recesses
Coyly repeateth?

Either in Helicon's umbrageous borders,
Or above Pindus, or the gelid Hæmus,
Whence the dense forests the melodious Orpheus
Rashly attended,

Who with his mother's art the streams retarded
Full in their course, and swiftly-blowing tempests,
Who the oaks guided, with their bowing foliage
List'ning his music.

What shall I say before the wonted praises
Due to the Parent both of Gods and mortals,
Who land and ocean regulates in all their
Various seasons?

Whence nothing greater than himself existeth,
Nor is there any like to him, or second,
Yet the next honour'd seat in high Olympus
Pallas hath taken.

Nor of thee, Liber, valorous in battle,
Will I be silent, nor of thee, the Virgin
Hostile to beasts, nor thee, with dart unerring,
Phœbus Apollo!

Also Alcides, and the sons of Leda,
This one for horses, that for boxing famous;—
Whose star of brightness, when on weary sailors
Once it has glitter'd;—

Flows from the rocks the heaving wave of Ocean,
Settle the winds, and dissipate the storm-clouds;—
And the fierce wave, obedient to their bidding,
Lulls on the ocean.

Next after these shall I record the Founder
Romulus, or Pompilius' quiet kingdom;
Or the proud Tarquins' rods of state, or Cato's
Glorious ending?

Or shall I tell, with grateful strains, the Scauri,
Regulus; or, amid the Punic slaughter,
Paullus, who gave so lavishly his life, or
Noble Fabricius?

This man, and Curius with dishevell'd tresses;
Fitted for war, and furious Camillus,
Poverty stern, and patrimony simple,
Rear'd for the battle.

See, like a tree with silent growth, Marcellus'
Glory increases, while the star of Julius,
E'en as the moon, among the lesser planets,
Splendidly glitters.

Father and Guardian of the human races,
Offspring of Saturn, unto thee great Cæsar's
Fortunes are giv'n. Supreme, with Cæsar second,
Thine the dominion!

He, whether Parthians hanging over Latium
Drives he in conquest with a righteous triumph,
Or the subdu'd inhabitants of Orient,
Seres and Indians;—

Less than Thee only, he a wide dominion
Governs with justice; Thou, with car triumphant
Shakest Olympus, sending on unchaste groves
Thunderbolts hostile.

ODE XIII. (To Lydia.)

When thou, Lydia, Telephus'
Neck, with tint of the rose, praisest, and Telephus'
Arms of waxen hue, woe is me!
With rage not to be quench'd hotly my liver swells.
Then, nor mind, nor the glow of health
Stays in settled abode, while down my cheeks the tear
Trickles stealthily, proving well

With what slow-burning fires I am emaciated.
I burn, whether his rude attacks
Have soil'd shoulders of thine white as the driven snow,
Or when he in his drunkenness
Hath with mark of his teeth press'd thy young tender lips.
Trust me! never a lasting love
Can'st thou look for from him, him who so barb'rously
Wounds those kisses which sweet Venus
With quintessence of her nectar impregnated.
Happy they! thrice and more than thrice,
Whom unbroken the bond firmly unites, whose love,
Rent in twain by no bickerings,
Nought shall ever dissolve but the last day of life.

ODE XIV. (To the Ship of State.)

Wilt thou, Ship of the State, put out again to sea?
Tost by new-swelling waves—What do'st thou? Keep to port,
See'st thou not how already
Bare the banks of thy rowers are?

And thy mast, stricken by swift-blowing Africus,
And thy yard-arms creak, while, cordage all gone, thy keel
All expos'd and defenceless,
Scarce can bear the rude ocean's force,

Dashing wildly? Thy sails, see, are not now entire,
Nor are Gods left, whom thou mayest again invoke,
Though a Pontian Pine-tree,
Daughter thou of a noble wood—

Both thy race and thy name now are a useless boast,
Nor can sailors in fear trust to a painted hull,—
See! oh see! that a laughter
Thou become not to winds! Beware!

Thou who late to me wert anxious solicitude,
Now! my yearning, and no light weight of care to me,
See thou shun the false waters
'Twixt the glittering Cyclades.

ODE XV. (THE FALL OF TROY.)

WHEN that perfidious shepherd was hurrying
O'er the plains of the deep, Helen, his hostess fair,
Nereus lull'd into sad quietness ocean's waves,
That dire fates he might thus proclaim;—

"Oh! with augury ill now art thou bringing home
Her whom Greece with her hosts armèd again shall seek,
Sworn together to break through thy soft marriage-joys,
And old Priam's dominion!

"Ah me! what labour dire presses on horse and man!
What deaths dost thou prepare for the Dardanian
Nation! See, Pallas now helmet and ægis stern
And her chariot and rage prepares—

"Vainly, fierce in thy trust in Venus' influence,
Shall thou comb out thy hair, tuning thy love-ditties
On effeminate lyre, pleasing to womankind,
Vainly, hiding in bedchamber,

"Wilt thou spears and the swift Gnossian dart avoid,
And the shrill battle-cry, and the pursuer swift,
Ajax; ah! but too late, for thy adulterous
Lovelocks soon shall be smear'd with dust!

"Seest not thy nation's fell foe, Laertiades?
Seest not, hostile to thee, Nestor the Pylian?
While, all dauntless, thy foes press—Salaminian
Teucer, Sthenelus, skill'd in fight;

"Or, if need were to guide safely the warhorses,
No mean charioteer—Meriones, to boot,
Thou shalt well-know—see one, raging to find thee out,
Brave old Tydeus, his braver son—

"Whom thou, timid as stag flying the wolf he sees
Near him, down in the vale, heedless of pasturage,
Shalt flee, panting with fear, weak and effeminate,
Not such promise thou gav'st thy love—

"What though partial delay angry Achilles' fleet
Shall to Ilium cause, and to the Phrygian dames—
When fix'd winters are o'er, Ilion's palaces
Shall be burnt in the Grecian flames!"

ODE XVI. (A PALINODE.)

O DAUGHTER fairer e'en than thy mother fair,
Just how you please destroy my Iambic lines,
(Those wretched verses), in the fire-flames,
Or, if you like, in the Adrian ocean.

Not Dindymene, not from his inmost shrines
Shakes the priest's mind the Pythian inhabitant,
Not Bacchus so, nor Corybantes,
When they redouble their brazen cymbals—

As baleful anger, which neither Norican
Sword can restrain, nor shipwrecking ocean-tides,
Nor fire, nor, with tremendous tumult
Jupiter rushing, himself, to battle.

They say, Prometheus did to our primal clay,
(Forc'd thus to act,) add composite particles
From all parts, and the strength of lions—
All in their fury, to human anger.

Anger, Thyestes with complete overthrow
Destroy'd, and has to loftiest cities been
The cause of their entire suppression—
Placing their walls 'neath the foemen's ploughshare.

Compose thy mind, for me too the warmth of youth
Has in my breast stirr'd up the insane desire
Of writing off my swift Iambics,
Foolish indeed, and the work of madness.

But now I wish to make the blest interchange,
Change for the mild, of sorrowful acts of yore,
If only thou to me be friendly,
(Owning my fault,) and restore my life back.

ODE XVII. (To Tyndaris.)

Oft for Lycæus balmy Lucretilis
Faunus exchanges, and in the summer's heat
From off my flock of tender she-goats
Keeps the hot weather and rainy tempests.

Safely throughout the length of the grove, the mates
Of the strong-smelling husband, the arbutus
Crop, and the thyme so sweetly fragrant,
Nor do they fear the green viper's venom.

No, nor the martial wolves of Hædilia,
Whene'er from thy sweet woodland-reed, Tyndaris,
Thy valleys and thy sheeny lime-rocks,
Sloping Ustica, resound with music.

The Gods protect me—To them, my piety
And muse are grateful;—Here shall a bountiful
Supply of all the rural honours
Flow to the full from the horn of plenty.

Here, in retiring valley, the Dogstar's heat
Shalt thou avoid;—with Tēian minstrelsy
Telling how both strove for one lover;—
Penelope and the glassy Circe.

Here, too, the cups of innocent Lesbian
Thou in the shade shalt quaff, nor have cause to fear
Lest Semele's gay son, Thyoneus,
Battle with Mars, or the saucy fellow

Cyrus on thee, too weak to resist his force,
Put forth his hands, too fiercely incontinent,
And rudely tear the verdant chaplet
Off from thy hair, or thy guileless raiment.

ODE XVIII. (To Varus.)

Varus, see that you plant, out of all trees, nothing beside the Vine
Round the rich soil of mild Tibur, or round lofty Catilian walls;—
For to those who are dry ev'rything hard God hath ordain'd, nor do
Anxious cares of the mind, gnawing the heart, dissipate otherwise.
Who when well-drunk with wine, soldiery or poverty har l laments?
Who does not thee the more, Bacchus our sire, and thee extol, Venus?
But lest any should go too far beyond moderate use of wine,
The Centaurĕan strife wag'd o'er their cups with the fierce Lapithæ
Warns us, when in their lust men will o'erpass limits of right and wrong.
This, too, Evius shews, justly severe to the Sithonians.
But I'll never disturb thee to thy hurt, liberal Bassareus,
Nor bring into rude gaze secrets of thine kept from the vulgar herd
'Neath thy vine-trellis'd bow'r. Only restrain thy Berecynthian horn

Which the blind love of self ceaselessly and vainly accompanies,
And Vainglory, her head raising too high, empty altho' it be,
And that confidence which secrets reveals, clearer to view than glass.

ODE XIX. (To Glycera.)

The fierce Mother of Cupid's twain,
Theban Semele's boy, too, hath commanded me,
(And lascivious Licentia,)
Ending love, to return back my soul free to her.
Glyc'ra's brilliancy dazzles me,
Shining purer than e'er Parian marble shines,
Her agreeable sauciness,
And her countenance, too slipp'ry to look upon.
Rushing wholly upon my soul
Venus Cyprus hath left, nor lets me Scythian
Sing, nor spirited Parthian,
Nor ought save what belongs to the soft reign of Love.
Bring me here living turf, my boy,
Bring, boys, bring to me here vervain and frankincense,
With a goblet of last year's wine—
When the victim is slain, she will relent to me.

ODE XX. (To Mæcenas.)

Cheap Sabine wine thou'lt drink in mod'rate vessels,
(Wine in the Greek cask specially anointed
On the glad day when all the densely crowded
Theatre hail'd thee,)

Dear Knight Mæcenas, with a shout so striking
That e'en the banks of thy paternal river
Utter'd thy praise, and fill'd with echoing sounds the
Vatican mountain.

Cæcuban wine, and luscious juice Calenian,
This thou shalt drink at home;—the cups I give thee
Neither the Formian hills supply with vintage,
Nor the Falernian.

ODE XXI. (The Delian Gods.)

Praise Diana, ye sweet virgins of tenderness,
Boys, too, sing the unshorn Phœbus the Cynthian,
And Latona, by highest
Jove entirely belov'd of old.

Praise her, maidens, who loves both the green forest glades,
And the streams hanging o'er winterly Algidus,
Or the dark Erymanthus,
Or the woods of the green Cragus;—

Boys, in similar strains Tempe be magnified,
And Apollo's renown'd birthplace, the Delian Isle—
Noted both for his quiver,
And adorn'd with his brother's lyre.

He shall, war with its tears; he, wretched famine's pangs,
And plague from people and Cæsar, their noble prince,
To the Persians and Britons
Send, induc'd by his suppliants.

ODE XXII. (To Fuscus.)

He who is pure and free from guile, my Fuscus,
Ne'er shall he need the darts of Mauritania,
No! nor the bow, nor quiver, laden full with
Poisonous arrows.

Whether he journey through the sultry Syrtes,
Or the inhospitable lands Caucasian,
Or thro' the regions which Hydaspes washes,
Fabl'd in story.

For, as I stray'd within the Sabine forest,
Singing my mistress Lalage, and wander'd
Careless and free, a wolf beheld, and fled me,
Wholly defenceless.

Such a fierce beast as neither in the warlike
Daunia roams, within its wide-spread beech-groves,
Nor Juba's territory breeds, the barren
Birthplace of lions.

Place me in arid fields of desolation,
Where never trees are fann'd by summer breezes,
Where clouds of winter gather, and the stormy
Weather oppresses—

Place me beneath the sun's oppressive chariot,
(Country unfit for human habitation,)
There will I love my Lalage, so sweetly
Smiling and speaking.

ODE XXIII. (To Chloë.)

Chloë! like timid fawn flee'st thou away from me,
Which thro' wild woodland brakes follows its mother-deer,
Timid, not without useless
Fear of breezes and woodland-gales.

For if spring's soft advance, rustling with forest-leaves,
Moves with each passing gale quiv'ringly, or the green
Lizards in the bush, she shakes,
Trembling both in her heart and knees.

But not like tiger fierce, bent on attacking thee,
Or Gætulia's fierce lion, I follow thee,
Cease to cling to thy mother,
Full-ripe now for a man's embrace.

ODE XXIV. (To Virgil.)

With what shame shall we mourn? (What shall our limit be?)
One so dearly belov'd? Teach me, Melpomene,
Mournful strains, thou to whom great Father Jupiter
Gave both voice and melodious lyre!

Does then perpetual slumber of death oppress
Noble Quinctilius? When shall true Modesty,
Incorruptible Faith,—Truth's clear transparency,
Find one fitted to equal him!

Sorely mourn'd by the good, many good men, he dies,
But by none more than thou, Virgil, his best of friends,
Ah me! vainly does e'en piety such as thine
Ask Quinctilius of the Gods!—

Not thus trusted to thee! What tho', like Orphéús,
Thou could'st listening woods move by thy melody,
Not thus life would return back to the ghostly form
Which once with his tremendous rod,

He, by tears and by pray'rs all unappeasable,
Merc'ry, has with his dark flock down to Hades driv'n,
Hard lot! Yes! but the griefs which we may not prevent
Patience still will alleviate.

ODE XXV. (To Lydia.)

Seldomer now they rap thy fasten'd windows
With frequent knocks, the youths erewhile so saucy,
Nor do they now disturb thy sleep, the threshold
Hugs the door closely;—

Which once so glibly turn'd on easy hinges,
Less now and less thou hear'st the serenaders—
"While I am dying for thee all the night long,
"Lydia, sleep'st thou?"

Thou in thy turn, when old, the proud young gallants
Wilt deplore, weeping in some lonely alley,
While howl the louder at the changing quarter
Thracian storm-winds.

What time thy flagrant love and lusty passion,
(Such as the dams of horses stirs to fury,)
Rages around thy liver full of ulcers,
Not without murmur

That the glad youth in frolicsome enjoyment
Likes but young shoots of ivy and of myrtle,
While the dry leaves it flings to icy Hebrus,
Comrade of Winter.

ODE XXVI. (To the Muses.)

Friend to the Muses, sorrow and anxious fears
To the wild winds, to bear to the Cretan sea,
Will I deliver—who 'neath Arctos
May be the king of that icy country—

What Tiridates may be affrighted at—
Caring in nowise—Thou who in Virgin-founts
Delightest, twine me sunny garlands,
Twine for my Lamia, twine a chaplet,

Pimplea, sweet one! Nothing, apart from thee,
Profit my honours! Him with thy newest strains,
Him with the Lesbian lyre to hallow,
Thee and thy sisters it well becometh.

ODE XXVII. (A Banquet.)

Fighting with goblets made for the use of joy,
O! 'tis a Thracian custom! Away with it!
And spare the modesty of Bacchus
From the disgrace of your bloody quarrels.

O what a frightful difference lies between
Wine and the lamps, and Median scimetar!
Cease, cease your impious clamour, comrades,
And on your elbows at ease be resting.

And must I share the heady Falernian?
Do you insist? Then let the Opuntian
Megilla's brother, happy fellow!
Tell by whose arrow he lies a-dying.

Say, will he not? I'll drink on no other terms.
For, be assur'd, whoever thy mistress be,
She with no fires to be asham'd of
Kindles thee, and with a true affection

Sinn'st thou;—Thy secret! Come, my boy, out with it!
Safe are my ears to hear it. O misery!
In what a terrible Charybdis
Strugglest thou, worthy a nobler passion!

What witch, what magic pow'r, with Thessalian
Drugs, nay what God himself, can deliver thee?
Scarce, bound in that threefold Chimæra,
Pegasus' self can release the victim.

ODE XXVIII. (ARCHYTAS.)

THEE, of the sea and land and the ocean-sand wanting in number
Meas'rer, now there detain, Archytas,
Just a few grains of sand from near the shore of Matinum,—
Trifling gift,—nor does it aught avail thee
That in thy mind thou hast travers'd high heav'n, and its airy dominions,
And run through the round world, being mortal!
Died too, as well as thou, Pelops' sire, tho' the guest of Immortals,
And Tithonus, remov'd into heavèn.

And Minos, tho' to the counsels of Jove admitted;—detaineth
Tartarus, Panthoides, to fell Orcus
Sent yet again, tho' his shield, taken down from the wall, had attested
Triumphs at Troy, and that nothing more than
Nerves and skin had he left to give to Death's dreary dominion,
In thy opinion, no mean decider
Both of Nature and Truth;—But all of us one night awaiteth,
And death's path, to be once for all trodden,
Others the Furies give to savage Mars, to be gaz'd at,
Ocean, with greedy tide, swallows the sailors.
Throng'd are the funerals both of the old and young, mix'd together,
None does the terrible Proserpine pass by.
Me too the swift-blowing wind, the comrade of head-long Orion,
Hath in Illyrian waves overwhelmèd.
But thou, sailor, I pray, do not spare in unkindness, to give me
For my poor bones and my head all unburied
Just a few grains of sand, so thou, tho' the East wind may threaten
Rage to Hesperia's billows, whatever
Woods of Venusium's forest may suffer, shalt still be in safety,
And, from each quarter, much gain shall await thee
Both from just Jove, and Neptune, the guardian of holy Tarentum!
But should you chance to commit an unkindness
Which will injure the lot of your undeserving descendants,
Just retribution and equally felt scorn

May be your lot! Be assur'd, My pray'rs will not go unavengèd,
And no atonement will then release thee.
What tho' you be in haste? the delay is not long—you may hasten
When the dust has been first thrice sprinkl'd.

ODE XXIX. (To Iccius.)

Iccius, you now are foolishly envying
Wealth of Arabians, and are preparing war
For hitherto untam'd Sabæan
Potentates, and for the direful Median

Are forging fetters. Which of the barbarous
Virgins will serve thee, now that her spouse is dead,
What boy from hall, with hair anointed,
Shall as thy cupbearer take his station,

Taught from his father's bow to direct the shaft?
Who shall deny that down from the mountain-top
Rivers may take their courses headlong,
And e'en old Tiber reverse his current;—

When thou Panætius' valuable library,
Bought from all quarters, and the Socratic lore,
For coats of mail art now exchanging,
Thou! from whom better had been expected!

ODE XXX. (To Venus.)

O Venus, Queen of Cnidos and of Paphos,
Spurn thy belovèd Cyprus, and, propitious,
Come to the house of Glyc'ra, who with incense
Duly invokes thee!

Bring, too, thy glowing Boy, and all the Graces
With their zones loos'd, and let the nymphs haste hither,
Youth too, but little elegant without Thee,
Mercury also.

ODE XXXI. (PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.)

WHAT does the Poet ask at Apollo's shrine?
What does he pray for, while from the goblet he
Pours the new liquor? not Sardinia's
Harvests so rich in their golden treasure—

No! nor the herds of sunny Calabria,
Nor the rich gold, nor Indian Ivory,
Nor countries which the quiet Liris
Slowly devours with its silent water—

Let those with sharp Calenian pruning-hook
Dress up the vines which Fortune has given them—
Let the rich merchant drain from golden
Cups wine obtain'd from his Syrian traffic—

Dear to the Gods full surely, for thrice and more
He the Atlantic yearly has visited
All safely;—my support the olive,
Chicory too, and the tender mallow.

Health to enjoy the blessings thou givest me,
Grant me, Latoë, with a sound mind, I pray;
Nor let my age be e'er unhonour'd,
Nor unattended with lyric measures.

ODE XXXII. (To his Lyre.)

We are call'd. If, at ease beneath the shadow,
We have play'd with thee;—raise, my lyre, a Latin
Stanza, which through this year may live, and many
Years in the future.

First wert thou tun'd by citizen of Lesbos,
Who, fierce in battle, still, amidst his fighting,
Or if his storm-tost vessel he had fasten'd
Down on the shingle;—

Liber, the Muses, Venus too, and Cupid
Clinging quite close to her, was ever singing,
And Lycus, noted for his eyes and tresses
Darksomely shining.

O Grace of Phœbus, O my lyre, supremely
Welcome at banquets of the Gods—my labours'
Sweet recreation—ever hail to me, who
Duly invoke thee!

ODE XXXIII. (To Tibullus.)

Grieve not, Albius mine, grieve not excessively
For harsh Glycera, nor in your sad elegies
Mourn, because she with her broken fidelity
Loves a junior paramour.

See, Lycoris, renown'd for forehead low and fine,
Love of Cyrus enflames; Cyrus on Pholoë
Turns his love-glances, but first with Apulian
Wolves let tender young kids be join'd,

Than should Pholoë sin with base adulterer,
No! For thus Venus wills, who diff'rent forms and minds
Places, all overpow'red, under her brazen yoke,
With a savage jocosity.

Me when some more refin'd Venus would influence,
Sweet young Myrtale kept fast in her pleasing bonds,
Slave-born;—rougher than e'en Hadria's ocean-waves,
Curving bays of Calabria.

ODE XXXIV. (His Religion.)

I, but a rare and niggardly worshipper,
While a proficient in mad philosophy
I wander'd once, my course to alter
Now am compell'd, and retrace the courses

Which once I left. For mighty Diespiter
(Cleaving the clouds with glittering flames of fire
In wonted action,) through clear heaven
Drove thund'ring steeds with his wingèd chariot—

With which the sluggish earth and its wand'ring streams,
Styx, and th' abode of terrible Tænarus,
And distant Atlantean borders
Shook to their depths. For His Power availeth

To change the high and low, and abase the proud
Raising the lowly, while the proud height of fame
Fortune supreme with thrilling clangour
Snatches from some, and bestows on others.

ODE XXXV. (To Fortune.)

Goddess, who rulest beautiful Antium,
Present to raise from depths of adversity
The mortal body, or proud triumphs
Quickly to change to funereal wailings;—

Thee with petition anxious the countryman
Prays, thee supreme;—thee, lady of ocean-wave,
Whoever in Bithynian vessel
Voyages o'er the Carpathian ocean.

Thee the rough Dacian, thee, wand'ring Scythian-hordes,
Cities and nations, and the fierce Latium,
And mothers of barbaric kings, and
Tyrants, tho' cloth'd in imperial purple;—

Lest with destructive foot thou should'st overturn
The standing column, and the dense multitude
Should call the loiterers to battle,
And overthrow the Imperial fabric.

Ever precedes thee savage Necessity,
Bearing in brazen hand both the wedge and nails
Fit for great beams of solid buildings,
Likewise the hook and the lead all molten.

Thee Hope and rare white-vested Fidelity
Ever attend, nor would they thy company
Relinquish, tho' with changèd garments
Thou should'st desert the palatial dwellings.

But the low herd, and harlot of broken faith
Perjur'd retire, and when they have drain'd the cask
Down to the lees, they fly like cowards,
Falsely refusing to bear the burden.

Safeguard our Cæsar e'en to Britannia's
Limits, and, with him, Rane's latest progeny
Of youths, about to be a terror
To the Red Sea, and the distant Orient.

Shame on our scars and discord of civil war!
What shape of crime does this stubborn age refuse?
What form of evil unattempted
Have we left? What has the fear of Heaven

Restrain'd; what altars has our rude impious hand
Spar'd in our Temples? O that on anvil new
Thou wouldest forge our blunted weapons
'Gainst the Massagetæ and Arabians!

ODE XXXVI. (For Numida's Return.)

Both with incense and lyre 'tis well,
And with blood of a calf slain to propitiate
The Gods, guardians of Numida,
Who now safely returns back from remotest Spain,
Dear to many companions,
Yet with none does he share kisses of love so much
As with Lamia, who recalls
Days of youth's early bloom under like auspices,
And how, donning the manly garb,
Each unitedly reach'd manhood in company.
Let the Cretan mark note the day,

Wine-cask, and Salian measures together tript,
Nor let tippling young Damalis
Beat in contests of wine Bassus in Thracian-cup !
Nor let roses our feasts desert,
Nor the parsley long liv'd, nor lily's transient bloom—
All on Damalis melting eyes
Will cast, but from her new friend she will never part,
Clinging more to our new-found guest,
Than the ivy, to oak clinging lasciviously.

ODE XXXVII. (THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.)

Now is the time to quaff, and to beat the ground
With foot untrammell'd ; Now deck the hallow'd shrines
Of all the Gods to us propitious,
With Saliarian feasts, my comrades !

Ere this we dar'd not bring out the Cæcuban
From cells ancestral, while for the Capitol
The Queen of Egypt madd'ning ruin
Plann'd, and for all our vast tract of Empire ;—

With her disgraceful herd of effeminates,
Foul with disease, she, madly for everything
Hoping, and now inebriated
With her good fortune. But soon her anger

Cool'd, when scarce one ship from the o'erspreading flames
Safely return'd, and her drink-besotted mind
Cæsar with real fear affected,
Swiftly pursuing her flight from Italy

E'en as a hawk the timorous dove pursues,
Or as a hunter follows the hare within
The snowy plains of fair Æmonia,—
That he might bind her in chains of iron

As fatal monster.—She, the more generously
Seeking to perish, neither, with woman's dread,
Quail'd at the sword, nor swiftly voyag'd,
Seeking to find her a place of refuge—

Bold to survey, with eye never quivering,
Her palace-ruins; brave to lay hold upon
The fatal adders, that within her
She might imbibe the dark deadly poison;—

She, all the fiercer for her death nobly-plann'd,
Grudging forsooth the savage Liburnians
The joy of leading *her* in triumph,
Her—a proud Queen, and no humble woman!

ODE XXXVIII. (To his Boy.)

Boy, I detest the Persian apparatus,
Wreaths that are bound with linden-rind displease me,
Care not to follow where the latest rose is
Tardily blooming.

See thou add nothing to the simple myrtle,
This I entreat thee—neither thee, the servant,
Misbecomes myrtle, nor thy master, drinking
Under the vine-leaf.

BOOK II.

ODE I. (To Pollio.)

War starting from Metellus's Consulship,
And the war's causes, faults, and vicissitudes,
  And Fortune's laughing-stock, and baleful
    Friendships of princes in league, and armour

Stain'd with the gore of unaton'd massacres,
(Work so replete with dang'rous uncertainty,)
  Thou handlest, and through flames art walking
    Laid underneath the deceitful ashes!

Let then awhile the Muse of stern Tragedy
Cease from the stage; then, after the settlement
  Of State affairs, thy great performance
    In the Cecropian buskin claims thee.

Thou noble guard of mournful petitioners,
Thou, of the Court, my Pollio, chief renown;—
  For whom the laurel praise eternal
    Hath in Dalmatian triumph purchas'd;—

E'en now with threat'ning murmur of warlike horn
You thrill our ears, e'en now do the trumpets blow,
  While the dread sheen of arms the horses
    Frights, and the countenance of the horsemen.

E'en now I seem to hear the great generals,
Soil'd with the dust of fights not inglorious,
And all the earth is subjugated
Save the invincible soul of Cato.

Juno retir'd (and each of the Gods who most
Favour'd the Afric cause), from the unaveng'd
Land, pow'rless ; and the Victor's grandsons
Offer'd as holocausts to Jugurtha.

What plain, enrich'd by Latian blood, does not
Witness, by graves, our impious civil wars ?
And testify Hesperia's ruin
Heard e'en to Media's farthest borders ?

What whirlpool, or what rivers, are ignorant
Of mournful battle ? which of the ocean-floods
Have Daunian slaughters not discolour'd ?
What shore is free from the Ranan blood-stain ?

But change not jests of cheerfulness for the dirge,
Suited to Ceän funerals, O my Muse !
With me beneath Dione's grotto
Seek for a livelier strain of music.

ODE II. (To Sallust.)

Crispus Sallustius, enemy to bullion
Hidden away in avaricious hoardings,
Silver no lustre hath, unless it shines by
Moderate usage.

Long shall the noble Proculeius flourish,
Known to his brethren for his love paternal,
Him shall surviving Fame exalt on pinions
Ne'er to be melted.

Wider dominion shall be thine, by curbing
Greed in thy spirit, than by joining Libya
To remote Gades, bringing either Carthage
Under thy empire.

For the dire dropsy grows by self-indulgence,
Nor does its thirst cease, till the cause of sickness
Flee from the veins, and from the pallid frame the
Watery languor.

Virtue, dissenting from the crowd, Phraätes
Reckons not happy, to the throne of Cyrus
Lately restor'd, and teaches all the people
How to use language

Rightly, the kingdom and the crown in safety
And laurel-wreath, for him alone reserving,
Who with an undiverted eye can witness
Wealth in abundance.

ODE III. (To Quintus Dellius.)

See thou preserve a true equanimity
In seasons adverse, and in prosperity
A mind restrain'd from overweening
Joy, for, my Dellius, thou art mortal!

Whether in sorrow all thy life long thou live,
Or in a distant glade on some holiday,
Thou lie at ease, the summer day long,
Quaffing the specially-mark'd Falernian;—

Where the huge pine and snowy-white poplar-tree
Join boughs in shade of sweet hospitality,
And sparkling waters strive to hurry
Down from the crag in a sidelong current.

Here bring thy ointments, wine, and too transient
Flowers of the blooming beautiful summer-rose,
While age and circumstance permit thee,
And the dark threads of the Fatal Sisters—

Yes! thou must leave thy lately-bought groves, and house,
And Villa, wash'd by old Tiber's golden waves—
Must leave them, and thy pil'd up riches
Shall be possess'd by thy next descendant—

Say, art thou wealthy, born from old Inachus?
It matters not—or poor, and of low descent,
Living expos'd to open-air life
Victim thou art of unpitying Orcus—

We all are forc'd the same way;—the lot of all,
Toss'd in the urn, comes sooner or later out,
And launches us in Charon's vessel,
Passengers to an eternal exile.

ODE IV. (To Xanthias Phoceus.)

Let not thy passion for thy handmaid shame thee,
Xanthias Phoceus, for the fierce Achilles,
Insolent conq'ror, bow'd before the charms of
Snowy Briseis.

Yes! and the form of beautiful Tecmessa
Mov'd to her sway the Telamonian Ajax,
While great Atrides, in the midst of triumph,
Burn'd for a captive.

After the barb'rous troops had fall'n before him,
When the Thessalian conquer'd, and slain Hector
Gave to the weary Greeks the walls of Troy, an
Easier capture.

Golden-hair'd Phyllis' parents, in the future,
Happy man! as their son-in-law may grace thee,
Surely her birth is royal, and Penates
Mourns unpropitious.

Trust me, my friend, that she was never sprung from
Lowly plebeians, nor could one so faithful,
So free from av'rice, ever have been born of
Mother unworthy.

Yes! her sweet face, and arms, and taper ankles,
Safely I praise; avoid, I pray, suspecting
One whose age trembles on the verge of nearly
Finishing forty.

ODE V. (On Lalage.)

Not yet thy heifer's fit to sustain the yoke
With her neck bent;—not yet has she strength to take
A partner's duties, or to bear the
Weight of the vigorous bull's embraces.

Her heart is still confin'd to the grassy meads,
While she assuages in the cool streams her thirst,
Or takes delight amid the willows
Sporting to play with her young companions.

Wish not to pluck the grape till it's fully ripe;—
Soon will the autumn's sun bring the deep'ning bloom.
And change into the purple colour
Bunches inviting participation.

Quickly she grows, and soon will she follow thee—
The saucy time is adding to her the years
It takes from thee, and soon with wanton
Brow will young Lalage seek a husband.

Charming, belov'd, as e'er was coy Pholoë,
Or Chloris, and with shoulders of ivory
That shine as bright as on the nightly
Sea shines the moon—or the Cnidian Gyges,

Whom if you plac'd amid bevy fair of girls,
The stranger-guest could scarce tell the difference
'Twixt them and him, his hair dishevell'd,
And with such doubtfully-sweet complexion.

ODE VI. (To Septimius.)

Friend, who wilt go with me to farthest Gades,
Or to Cantabrian hitherto unconquer'd,
Or to wild Syrtes, where the Moorish wave is
Ceaselessly boiling;—

Tibur, the town of colonist Augean,
Be it the habitation of my old age,
Be it my goal, both with my land and water
Soldiery wearied!

But if the Fates unequal shall forbid me—
Pleasant with well-shorn flocks the sweet Galæsus'
River I'll seek, and all the region rul'd by
Spartan Phalanthus.

That nook of country specially delights me,
Where the sweet honey rivals old Hymettus,
And where the olive-berry in its verdure
Vies with Venafrum.

Where spring is long, and Jupiter bestoweth
Mildness of winter, and the mountain Aulon,
Friendly to fertile Bacchus, envies not the
Grapes of Falernus.

That place, those happy tow'rs, invite thy presence;—
Thine with my own—there, when my life is over,
Shalt thou bedew with tears thy friend the Poet's
Warm-glowing ashes!

ODE VII. (To Pompeius Varus.)

O thou, with me to direst extremity
Often reduc'd, when Brutus was general;—
Who hath restor'd thee now, a Roman,
Back to thy Gods and Italian climate,

Pompey, thou first of early companions?
With whom the long day I've broken in upon
With wine, my hair adorn'd with chaplet,
Shining all over with Syrian ointment—

With thee, Philippi's battle and overthrow
I felt, and left my shield in ignoble flight,
When ranks were broken, and the boasting
Heroes were laid on their faces prostrate.

But me in terror Mercury, swift of wing,
Bore thro' the hosts in cloudy envelopment,
While thee the wave of war ingulphing
Bore to the fight on its boiling billows.

Wherefore to Jove the feast that is due be paid,
And your limbs wearied with your long soldiery
Recline at ease beneath the laurel,
Nor spare the wine-casks intended for thee.

Fill the well-polish'd goblets with Massic wine,
Causing oblivion—pour from capacious jars
The fragrant unguents—who the parsley
Hastens to gather for twining garlands?

Or myrtle? Whom shall Vénus as arbiter
Make o'er our revels? I'll be as mad to-day
As e'en Edonians—A returning
Friend may well make a man mad with pleasure.

ODE VIII. (To Barine.)

Did but the slightest punishment affect thee
For thy oaths broken, false and fair Barine,
Wert thou less comely by a tooth or nail but
Slightly discolour'd,

I could believe thee;—But whene'er thou bindest
Falsely thy head with perfidy, thou shinest
Fairer by far, and from our youths receivest
Public attention.

Yes! it is gain to cheat thy mother's ashes,
And the whole host of heav'nly constellations
Shining above us, and the Gods, exempt from
Frigid extinction.

Venus herself smiles on thee, I acknowledge,
And the kind Nymphs, and eke the savage Cupid,
Sharpening on his blood-besprinkl'd whetstone
Darts ever ardent.

Add, that for thee are all our young men growing,—
Ever new bondage theirs—while former lovers,
Leave not, tho' oft they've threaten'd it, Barine's
Impious thraldom.

For their upgrowing offspring mothers fear thee,
Thee, frugal old men, and the wretched virgins
Lately-wed, lest, enslav'd by thy attractions,
Tarry their husbands.

ODE IX. (To Valgius.)

Not always flow the show'rs on the rugged fields,
Nor ruffling whirlwinds over the Caspian sea
For ever blow in stormy current,
Valgius, nor in Armenian borders

Stands thick the sluggish ice through the year, my friend,
Nor do Garganus' oak-groves with north-wind's blast
For ever groan, nor are the ash-trees
Always bereft of their verdant foliage—

Yet your lost Mystes you in bewailing strains
Are ever mourning, nor does your love depart,
Or at the rise of glowing Vesper,
Or when she pales at the Sun's swift rising.

Yet Nestor, who through three generations liv'd,
Did not his lost Antilochus always mourn,
Nor did the weeping Phrygian sisters
Troïlus, dying in youth, for ever

Sadly lament. O! cease your weak sorrowing,
Cease it at last! and let us the rather sing
The trophies of Augustus Cæsar
Newly-acquir'd, and the cold Niphates,

And Median river, with less presumptuous tide
Flowing in humbler whirlpools, a conquer'd stream,
And, vanquish'd now, the stern Geloni
Riding within their confinèd limits.

ODE X. (To Licinius.)

Better, Licinius, wilt thou live, by neither
Tempting the deep for ever, nor, while tempests
Cautiously shunning, by too closely hugging
Shores that are treach'rous.

He who the golden mean adopts, is ever
Free from the sorrows of a squalid dwelling;—
Free from the cares attending on the envied
Halls of the wealthy.

Oftener by the winds the tall and mighty
Pine trees are shaken; and with heavier ruin
Lofty tow'rs fall, and bolts of thunder strike the
Tops of the mountains.

Minds that are well-prepar'd, in adverse seasons
Hope for a change, and fear it in the prosp'rous,
'Tis the same Jove who sends, and who removes the
Storms of the winter.

Not tho' things now are sad, will they hereafter
Always be so, for great Apollo keeps not
Ever his bow bent, but the sleeping Muses
Wakens with lyre-string.

When things are adverse, bear your lot with firmness,
Brave, and with good heart, like a man of spirit,
And at the same time furl your swelling canvas
When the gale heightens.

ODE XI. (To Quintius Hirpinus.)

What thinks the Scythian fierce, or Cantabrian,
Quintius Hirpinus, sever'd by Adria,
Enquire not thou, nor vex thyself with
Care in a life of so few requirements.

Smooth youth and beauty quickly fly back, while age
Comes with its barren hoariness, speedily
Dispelling joys of wanton dalliance,
And the light slumber of youthful vigour.

Not always does the spring-bloom remain in flow'rs,
Nor does the glowing Moon at all times display
The same appearance, why with endless
Cares vex a spirit too weak to bear them?

Why then, beneath this plane-tree or pine, at ease
Should not we rest, reclining so carelessly,
Our silver locks adorn'd with roses,
While we may, and with Assyrian ointment

Drink 'mid the perfumes?—Evius dissipates
Cares that annoy us—What boy will speediest
Cool me the cups of hot Falernian
With the clear draught of the passing streamlet?

Who'll bring coy roving Lyde from home to us?
Tell her to hasten here with her iv'ry lyre,
With tresses all unkempt behind her,
Daintily knotted in Spartan fashion.

ODE XII. (To Mæcenas.)

Join not terrible wars of fierce Numantia
Nor dire Hannibal's self, nor the Sicilian sea,
Purpl'd over with blood of Carthaginian hosts,
To the lyre with its dulcet strains.

Nor the fierce Lapithæ, and too-inebriate
Hylæus, and the youths slain by Herculean hand,
Tellus' offspring, from whose fate the refulgent house
Of old Saturn fear'd jeopardy.

And in prose thou shalt then better immortalize
All the battles our great Cæsar hath won for us,
Mæcenas, and the proud necks of the haughty kings
Led in triumph through streets of Rome.

Me, the songs of my sweet mistress Licymnia,
Me, the Muse bids her eyes, shining so bright, to sing,
And her breast to proclaim, faithful and true to love
With its mutual ecstasies.

Who can gracefully join foot in the festive dance,
And strive playfully, while joining her snowy arms
In the sport with her bright virgin-companions
On Diana's great festal day.

Would'st thou, all that e'er held wealthy Achæmenes,
Or Mygdonian wealth, Phrygia so fertile owns,
Change for even one lock of thy Licymnia's hair,
Or the plentiful Arab homes?—

While the burning embrace she with bent neck receives,
Or, perchance, with a coy sternness refuses you
What she sooner by far would that you snatch from her,
Nay! she'll snatch them at times from you.

ODE XIII. (To his Tree.)

He in ill-omen'd day must have planted thee,
Whoever first, with hand sacrilegious,
Rear'd thee, for bane of our descendants,
And for the scandal of all the village—

He, I could think, had broken his father's neck,
And had defil'd his own penetralia
With blood of guest at night-time murder'd
Secretly, he the fell Colchian poisons,

And ev'ry form of evil had practis'd well,
Who plac'd thee in my field, for my overthrow,
Thee, tree accurst, thee, just a-falling
On me, thy all-undeserving master—

What each should fear, we guard not enough against,
Each hour:—the Carthaginian mariner
Dreads depths of Bosphorous, nor fears he
Hidden fate from any other quarter—

The soldier fears the arrows of Parthians,
And their swift flight;—the Parthian, Roman chains,
And Roman force, but Death's unlook'd for
Pow'r hath destroy'd, and will still, the nations.

How nearly had we Proserpine's kingdom seen!
And all the pomp of Æacus' judgment-seat!
And distant realms of all the blessèd,
And Sappho, wailing on flute Æolian

Insults received from girls of her native land,
And thee, more fully sounding on golden string,
Alcæus, hardships of the ocean,
Hardships of flight, and of savage battle!

While either sings, the shades gather wond'ring round,
And sacred silence keèp throughout all the groves,
But chiefly fights and death of tyrants
Drinks in the crowd in its should'ring masses.

What wonder! when at such soul-entrancing strains
The hundred-headed beast droops his ears to hear,
And e'en the Furies' snakes untwisted
Snatch for a season a blissful solace!

Also Prometheus, and Pelops' famous sire,
Are of their labours by music's pow'r beguil'd,
Nor cares Orion now, the lions
Or timid lynxes to drive before him!

ODE XIV. (To Postumus.)

Ah me! how quickly, Postumus, Postumus,
Glide by the years! nor even can piety
Delay the wrinkles, and advancing
Age, and attacks of unconquer'd Hades.

Not if three hundred bullocks were ev'ry day
Slain to appease Hell's monarch, the Tearless one,
Who 'neath his sullen wave compresses
Geryon and Tityos, held in bondage—

Wave, which forsooth we all have to navigate,
Whether on earth as monarchs in pride we live,
Or whether in the humblest places
We as poor husbandmen till the pasture—

Vainly we shun the horrors of bloody war,
And foaming breakers of the hoarse Adria,
In vain throughout the length of Autumn
Do we avoid the injurious Auster—

Still must we all see, flowing with darksome stream,
Wand'ring Cocytus, and the ill-fated race
Of Danaus, and, condemn'd of old time,
Sisyphus working in endless labour—

Fields must we leave, and house, and the amiable
Wife, nor, of all thy trees train'd so carefully,
Shall any but the hated cypress
Follow thee there—thee, its short-lived owner!

A worthier heir shall then drain thy Cæcuban,
Guarded tho' now it be by a hundred keys—
And stain with wine thy polish'd pavement
Richer than flows at the feasts of pontiffs.

ODE XV. (To the Roman People.)

Soon but few acres will to the plough be left
By regal buildings, wider than Lucrine lake
The private ponds extend on all sides,
Catching the eye, and th' unwedded plane-tree

Out-tops the elms. Then beds full of violets,
Myrtle, and all abundance of fragrant flow'rs,
On olive-grounds will shed their odour,
Which yielded fruit to their former master,

Then, too, the laurel with shade impervious,
Shuts out the sun's rays ;—Not thus did Romulus
Ordain, and the unshaven Cato,
And the wise counsels of early Romans.

Slight then was each man's private expenditure,
Great the Republic's. Ay ! then no ten-foot rule
For private pleasure measur'd porches
Plann'd to receive the cool Northern breezes,

Nor did the laws then let them despise the turf
To roof their dwellings—though at the public charge
They bade them build the Towns and Temples
With the new stone for their decoration.

ODE XVI. (To Grosphus.)

Ease, of the Gods the mariner petitions,
Caught in the wild and tempest-tost Ægean,
When the clouds hide the Moon, and stars uncertain
Shine on the sailors.

Ease, the fierce Thracian furious in battle,
Ease, too, the Medians graceful with the quiver,
Grosphus, which jewell'd treasures ne'er can purchase,
No! nor the golden.

For neither wealth nor lictor of the Consul
Clears from the mind its miserable tumults,
Nor the vexatious cares that flutter round the
Ceil'd habitations!

Well does he live on little, whose paternal
Salt-cellar glistens on his frugal table,
And whose light slumbers neither fear nor sordid
Avarice hinders.

Why, with false brav'ry, aim at many objects
In a short lifetime? Why for other climates
Change we our own? What exile from his country
Flies himself also?

Mischievous care ascends the brazen vessels,
Nor does she leave the squadrons of the horsemen,
Swifter than stags, and fleeter than the East-wind
Driving the storm-clouds.

Minds that are pleas'd with present lot, the future
View not with anxious care, and with light laughter
Temper life's bitters, knowing well that naught is
Ev'ry way happy.

Swiftness of death snatch'd off the brave Achilles,
Length of old age diminish'd e'en Tithonus,
And perhaps Time to me may mete the blessings
Which it denies thee.

Round thee a hundred flocks and kine Sicilian
Low; for thee neighs the mare for chariot fitted,
While the rich vesture doubly-dyed in Afric
Purple arrays thee.

But to my share a small domain of country
Fate has allotted, and a slight infusion
Of the Greek muse, and pow'r to scorn the vulgar
Basely malignant.

ODE XVII. (To Mæcenas, ill.)

Why with complaints dost take the life out of me?
Neither the Gods nor Horace will e'er consent
That thou, Mæcenas, e'er shouldst die first;—
Thou, my life's ornament, prop, and pillar—

Ah! should a stronger Pow'r snatch away from me
Thee! my life's main part, why should the other stay?
Half life is neither dear, surviving,
Nor in itself complete. Yes! the same day

Shall be the last for both of us. I have sworn,
(Trust me) no vain oath ;—we will go, we will go,
Whenever you go first, companions
Ready to take the last road together!

Me nor the breath of fiery Chimæra, nor,
Should he again rise, Gyges with hundred hands,
Should e'er rend from thee,—thus the pow'rful
Justice and Fates have been pleas'd to order—

Whether 'tis Libra's influence sways my birth,
Or angry Scorpion, mightiest Potentate
Of my nativity, or the Tyrant
Capricorn, lord of the Western Ocean,

Each of our Stars in marvellous mood agrees,
Thee, the supreme protection of Jupiter
From impious Saturn's pow'r malignant
Snatch'd, and retarded the fatal moment ;—

What time the people, gath'ring in multitudes,
Thrice made their shout resound thro' the theatre—
Me, the tree-trunk with deadly falling
Clean had destroy'd, but that Faunus' right hand

Lighten'd the stroke—Great Faunus, the Guardian
Of Men Mercurial—Render thou victims due,
And votive temple, in remembrance,
Mine be the lowly lamb's humbler off'ring!

ODE XVIII. (On an Avaricious Man.)

Neither ivory have I,
Nor golden cornice glitters in my ceiling,
Nor do beams Hymettian
Rest upon columns cut from furthest Afric—
Nor have I, as heir unknown,
Seiz'd boldly upon Attalus's palace—
Nor do dames of high degree
Spin out for me the grand Laconian purple,
But fidelity is mine,
And a fair share of Genius, while the rich man
Seeks me, tho' poor. Nothing more
Pray I the Gods for, nor from friend, tho' pow'rful,
Greater blessings do I seek,
Happy enough in my dear Sabine farm-stead—
Day by day is press'd along,
And the new moons but hasten to their waning ;—
Thou the marbles to be carv'd
Arrangest, with thy death in view, and, mindless
Of thy tomb, art building still,
And strivest to enlarge thy land at Baiæ
By encroaching on the shore—
Not rich enough with continental limits.
Why dost thou thy neighbour's land
Despoil, by ever moving back his landmarks ?
And art leaping greedily
Over thy tenant's bounds ? While wife and husband,
Carrying their household-gods
And squalid children, thou from home expellest.
Yet no surer home, at last,
Thou the predestin'd end of greedy Orcus

Waits the man of opulence.
What further are you looking for? An equal
Sod of earth is open to
The poor man, and the children of the monarch,
Nor did Orcus' Satellite
Through bribe of gold, send back the great Prometheus.
He the haughty Tantalus
And all his offspring under guard restraineth,
He relieves the poor from toil,
Whether invok'd or not to ease his burden.

ODE XIX. (To Bacchus.)

Bacchus in distant mountains I once beheld,
Teaching his songs—Believe me, Posterity,
While the Nymphs and goat-footed Satyrs
Listen'd around in a rapt attention.

Evoe! with sudden thrill my mind agitates,
And with tumultuous joy, Bacchus-fill'd, my breast
Is rev'lling, Evoe! Spare me, Liber,
Spare me, thou Lord of the Ivy-thyrsus!

Now, now! 'tis mine to sing the gay Thyades,
And the wine-fountain, and rivers rich with milk;—
And how from hollow trunks of forests
Streams yet again and again the honey.

Now, too, I sing thy blessed wife's happy star
Added to Heaven, and dwellings of Penthĕŭs
With no light ruin overwhelmèd,
And how the Thracian Lycurgus perish'd.

Thou turnest rivers, thou the barbaric sea,
Thou, moist with wine, in hills' remote fastnesses,
Joinest in viper's knot thy Biston's
Tresses all harmlessly tied together.

Thou, when thy Parent's kingdoms the Giant-brood
Strove to o'erturn, ascending the starry-heights,
Didst hurl back Rhæsus, in a lion's
Form, with his claws and terrific jawbone.

For though thou once wast said to be fitter far
For dance and sport, and not for the battle cry,
Still hast thou shewn thyself an equal
Pow'r, in the midst both of Peace and Warfare.

Thee, with thy golden horn shining radiant,
Cerb'rus beheld, and harmlessly wagg'd his tail,
And when thou didst return, with triple
Tongue lick'd thy feet, as thy limbs he fondl'd.

ODE XX. (On Himself.)

Not with a slight or usual wing shall I,
Poet two-formèd, thro' the light air be borne,
Nor on the earth shall I continue
Longer. Superior far to envy

I'll leave the cities—Though from poor parents sprung,
I, who am honour'd with friendships such as thine,
Belov'd Mæcenas, ne'er shall perish,
Nor will the Stygian wave detain me.

Now, even now, a skin slowly roughening
O'er my limbs settles;—Now am I being chang'd
Into a white bird, downy plumage
Settles all over my arms and shoulders.

Now, swifter than Dædalean Icarus,
I shall the shores of Bosphorus wild behold,
And the Gætulian Syrtes visit,
And Hyperborean plains so icy.

Me Colchians[a], and the Dacian, who his fear
Of Marsian cohorts dissimulates, shall know,
Gelonians distant, and the skilful
Spaniard, and drinker of Rhone's deep waters.

Let no funereal dirge be heard o'er my grave,
No sad laments, no funeral obsequies,
Restrain the wailings of the tomb, and
Spare me its idle, superfluous honours.

[a] Pronounce as a dissyllable.

BOOK III.

ODE I. (On a Happy Life.)

I HATE the vulgar crowd, and would bid them hence,
Keep ye still silence—Songs never heard before,
I, priest appointed of the Muses,
Both to the virgins and youths am singing.

Kings have a dread dominion o'er subject realms,
O'er Kings themselves great Jove has supreme controul,
Renown'd for triumph o'er the Giants,
Moving all Nature with nod tremendous—

One man may rear more plants in a wider space
Than does another; one may his noble race
Boast, as competitor for honours,
This vies in morals, and that in fair fame.

That other has of clients a longer train;—
But all with equal law stern Necessity
Allots their place—the high, the lowest,
Ev'ry man's name in that urn is shaken.

He over whose head hangs the drawn sword of Fate,
Impious; for him no feasts of Sicilia
Will e'er elaborate a savour
Sweet, nor will strains of the lyre or songsters

Bring back his slumbers. Sleep, gentle visitant
Of the poor rustic, lowly tho' be his cot,
Disdains it not, nor shady brook-bank,
Nor the sweet Zephyr-enshrouded Tempe.

He who desires but just a sufficiency,
Heeds not the sea's tempestuous bellowing,
Nor fears the force of mad Arcturus
Downfalling, or of the rising Goat-star.

Nor when his vines are struck with the hailstone's blow,
And his crops fail him, while his trees feel the want
Of water, suff'ring from the blazing
Heat of the stars, or the wintry weather.

Now, 'neath the pil'd up columns of masonry,
Even the space for fish is encroach'd upon,
Hither contractors come with workmen,
And their disdainfully watching master.

But Fear and Threats are climbing up equally
With the proud lord; and gloomy anxiety
Will sail with him in brazen trireme,
And, when on horseback, mount up behind him.

If then my grief nor Phrygian mystic gem,
Nor purple garment brighter than stars in sheen,
Can e'er alleviate, nor Falernian
Vineyard, nor sweet Achæmenian essence—

Why should I build a palace in modern style,
With columns such that all men might envy me?
Why change for my lov'd Sabine valley
Wealth which will bring but increase of labour?

ODE II. (To the Romans.)

Friends, let the Roman youth, strong in warfare, learn
How to endure the straitness of poverty,
And, in the dreaded spear's encounter,
Vex the fierce Parthian in the battle—

And let him lead a life in the open air,
And in the whirl of warfare. So, seeing him,
The mother of the warring tyrant,
And her young daughter, now fit for marriage,

Shall sigh;—Alas! O let not my royal spouse,
Unvers'd in war, provoke this untameable
And cruel lion, whom his anger
Hurries along thro' the midst of slaughter—

'Tis sweet and noble—Death for one's country's sake—
Death overtakes the cowardly fugitive,
Nor spares his flying limbs, and timid
Back, as he runs from the foe dishonour'd,

Virtue, that knows not how to be overthrown,
Shines with unsullied honours impregnable,
Nor at the lawless people's bidding
Does she take up or lay down her honours.

Virtue, to those unworthy to die, the way
Opens to heav'n, denied to the vulgar throng,
And scorns the people's mean assemblies,
Spurning the earth with a flying pinion.

There is for faithful silence a sure reward;
Nor shall the man who publishes Ceres' rites
Abide beneath my humble dwelling,
Or share the same fragile vessel with me—

Oft, when unworshipp'd, mighty Diespiter
Joins to the bad the good. Tho' her foot be lame,
Rarely has justice fail'd to punish
Wickedness, sculking awhile before her.

ODE III. (On Justice.)

Him who is just, and stands to his purpose true,
Not the unruly ardour of citizens
Shall shake from his firm resolution,
Nor visage of the oppressing tyrant—

Nor Auster, turbid leader of Adria,
Nor e'en the hand of thundering Jupiter,
Should all creation fall to atoms,
Fearless e'en then would the ruins strike him.

On art like this did Pollux and Hercules,
Depending, reach the fiery citadels,
Midst which Augustus new reclining
Quaffs with empurpl'd lips heav'nly nectar.

Thus, Father Bacchus, thee thy own tigers drew,
Pulling the yoke with necks all untaught the toil—
On Mars's horses thus Quirinus
From the grim Acheron fled in safety—

When Juno thus to Gods met in council spoke,
—(Pleasing her sentence)—Ilion, Ilion,
A fatal and incestuous umpire,
And the base charms of a foreign woman

Turn'd into dust, (since crafty Laomedon
Cheated the Gods of justly-due recompense,)
By me and by the chaste Minerva
Curs'd with its people and fraudful leader—

No longer shines the Spartan adulteress'
Disgraceful guest; no longer the perjur'd house
Of Priam, by the help of Hector,
Keeps at a distance my warlike Argives—

Now settles down the war that our strifes began,
And my stern anger 'gainst the detested son
Whom Trojan Priestess bore, I forthwith
Gladly resign to the God of Battle—

Him will I suffer into the blest abodes
Of Heav'n to enter, and the sweet nectar-juice
To quaff, and be enroll'd for ever
Mid the Gods' ranks in their peaceful glory—

Long as the Ocean 'twixt Rome and Ilium
Rages in fury, then let these exiles reign
In any part they will, be happy,
While on the tombs of old Priam and Paris

The cattle leap, the lioness hides her cubs—
This done—the glitt'ring Capitol then may stand,
And conq'ring Rome in hour of triumph
Issue her laws to the subject Medians—

Let her dread name to all the remotest lands
Extend, to countries e'en where the middle sea
Divides from Europe distant Afric,
Where the Nile's swelling makes Egypt fertile.

Let her be braver through the contempt of gold!
Gold undiscover'd, better conceal'd in earth
Than when compell'd to human uses
By the profaners of all that's holy.

May she, whatever limit of land oppose,
Reach it with armies, joying to see alike
The countries warm'd with torrid sun-beams,
Or wet with rainy dew ever falling.

But to my warlike Romans these fates I give
On this condition—that no false piety,
Or vain affection for ancestral
Troy, ever lead them again to build it.

For, should ill-omen'd Troy from its ashes rise,
Then will its slaughter be but again renew'd,
While I lead on the troops victorious,
I, who am Jupiter's wife and sister.

Ay! if its brazen wall should rise thrice again,
By Phœbus' auspice, thrice should it be o'erthrown,
Raz'd by my Argives, thrice the captive
Wife should lament both her spouse and children—

But such high subjects suit not the festive lyre—
Muse, whither go'st thou? Cease in thy waywardness
The councils of the Gods to weaken
By the report of a feeble mortal!

ODE IV. (To Calliope.)

Descend from Heaven, Calliope, my Queen,
And on thy pipe make lengthening melody,
  Whether with clear voice had'st thou rather,
    Or with the strings or the lyre of Phœbus—

Hear ye? or does a lovely insanity
Delude me? For methinks I can hear sweet sounds,
  And wander through the holy forests
    Sweetly environ'd with breeze and streamlet.

Me, when a boy, in Vultur Apulian,
Wand'ring beyond the bounds of Apulia,
  Wearied with play, and eke with slumber,
    Woodpigeons cover'd with leafy garments;—

Which was a wondrous tale for inhabitants
All, who the lofty nest Acherontian
  Or Bantine woods, or low Ferentum
    Cultivate, fruitful and rich in produce—

How I could sleep from bears and from vipers free,
How with the sacred laurel envelopèd
  I lay, and myrtle gather'd round me,
    Surely a heav'nly-protected infant!

Yours', O ye Muses! I to the Sabine heights
Am borne; in your blest service, all one to me
  Are cold Præneste, sloping Tibur,
    Or the sweet pleasures of wat'ry Baiæ—

While to your founts and dances a votary,
Not sad Philippi's ruinous overthrow,
Nor cursèd falling tree destroy'd me,
Nor Palinurus in wave Sicilian.

While your sweet presence cheers me, I'll willingly
Tempt, as a sailor, Bosphorus' madd'ning tides,
Or travel thro' the barren deserts
E'en of Assyria's scorching climate.

Inhospitable Britons I too will see,
And the Concanians, drunk with their horses' blood,
The fierce Gelonians girt with quiver,
And, all unharm'd, the far Scythian river.

Ye, lofty Cæsar, when, from his warfare free,
He hath his troops safe quarter'd in friendly towns,
And seeks an end of martial labours,
Sweetly refresh in Pierian grotto.

Ye kind advice both give, and, when well receiv'd,
Kindly rejoice. We know how the God supreme
With falling thunderbolt the Titans
And their enormous battalions vanquish'd,—

He who the sluggish earth, and the windy sea,
And towns of men, and Erebus' dark abodes,
And Gods, and throngs of mortal creatures,
Doth with an equal dominion govern.

Once a great terror, even to Jove himself,
Brought that strong band of youths with uplifted arm,
And brethren who in vain ambition
Sought to pile Pelion on Olympus—

But what avail'd Typhœus, and strong Mimas,
Or what Porphyrion, threat'ning with stature vast,
Or Rhœcus, or, with trees uprooted,
Enceladus, the terrific hurler—

What? when they rush'd against great Minerva's shield,
Here, too, they met fierce Vulcan, and motherly
Juno, with him from off whose shoulders
Never again will the bow be lifted,

Who washes in pure dew of Castalia
His flowing-locks—who th' oak-groves of Lycia
Possesses, and his natal forest—
Delian and Patarean Phœbus—

Strength void of counsel! By its own weight it falls,
Strength well-directed, even the Gods increase
To greater force, and hate mere brute-power
Planning in mind ev'ry form of evil.

Witness to this, is Gyges with hundred hands,
Shewing the truth, well known to posterity,
And he who, tempting chaste Diana,
Fell by the Goddess's virgin arrow—

Earth itself groans, pil'd high on her monster-brood,
And wails her offspring sent by the thunderbolt
To lurid Orcus, nor has Ætna
Yet been pierc'd through by the fire within her—

Nor does the bird, the guard o'er his wickedness,
Leave Tityos' liver, while the unholy lust
Of bold Pirithous is for ever
Chain'd by the weight of three hundred fetters.

ODE V. (On Augustus.)

High in the Heav'ns reigns thundering Jupiter;—
This we believe—Augustus a present God
Shall be esteem'd, while distant Britons
Bow to his empire, and savage Persians.

Hath then a man of Crassus's soldiery
Liv'd in disgraceful marriage with barb'rous spouse,
And (Oh! for Senate's shame to see it!)
Grown to old age in a foreign service

Under a Mede-king? Marsian, Apulian,
Heedless of sacred shields, name, and Roman dress,
And of eternal Vesta's glories;—
This, while Jove lives, and old Rome is standing!—

This in his prudence Regulus had with mind
Prescient foreseen, and spurn'd the base, scandalous
Conditions, and a vile example
Fraught with dire evil to future ages,

If captive youth were not left alone to die—
"I've seen (he said,) our standards in Punic fanes
"Hung up, and armour tamely yielded,
"While not a blow in defence was given,

"I've seen our free-born citizens basely bound,
"Tied with their arms, like cowards, behind their back,
"And gates left insolently open,
"And fields we lately had ravag'd, cultur'd.

"What! shall the soldier, purchas'd with gold, return
"Braver? you do but add to his villainy
"Fresh loss, for never will the poison'd
"Wool be restor'd to its former colour:

"Nor can true valour, when it has fallen once,
"E'er be replac'd by courses degenerate.
"When the deer from the toils deliver'd
"Turns on the hunters, will *he* have courage,

"Who trusts himself to treacherous enemies:
"And shall he Carthage rout in another war
"Whose coward hands have felt the lashes,
"Fearing to die, tho' of life unworthy?

"He, all unknowing whence to derive his life,
"Has mingl'd peace with war, O! disgraceful sight!
"O Carthage, loftier grown in valour,
"Rising in fame o'er Italia's ruins!"

'Tis said, he turn'd, as one of attainted name,
E'en from his wife's and children's sweet blandishments;
And cast his manly glances downward,
Sternly determin'd to act with justice—

'Till he the wav'ring minds of the Senators
Strengthen'd by counsel none but himself could give,
And from amidst his friends lamenting
Hasten'd away, an illustrious exile—

And, tho' well-knowing what the barbarian
Torture before him meant, yet as tranquilly
He mov'd aside his friends and neighbours,
(Striving in vain his return to hinder;)—

As if, (his clients' tedious law-affairs
Happily settled), he was but going home—
Home, to his lov'd farm at Venafrum,
Or Lacedæmonian Tarentum.

ODE VI. (To the Romans.)

All undeserving, Roman, although thou be,
Thou must atone for sins of thy ancestors,
'Till thou the temples hast repair'd, and
Shrines blacken'd over with smoke and ashes.

Thou reignest thro' submission to highest Heav'n,
Hence all begins, and hither must all things tend.
The Gods neglected, many evils
Have to the weeping Hesperia given.

Now twice Monæses and Pacorus's band
Have our unlucky onsets discomfited,
And laugh with pride at having added
Spoils from old Rome to their little trinkets.

Ay! and our city, rent with internal strife,
Dacian and Æthiopian almost destroy'd,
The one for fleet renown'd, the other
Specially fam'd for the flying arrow.

Fruitful in crime, our age has the marriage-bed
Polluted first, our offspring and homes once pure,
The plague deriv'd from such a fountain
Hath to our land and its race extended.

Virgins mature now learn the Ionic dance,
While each by movements artfully fashioned
E'en now from days of tender childhood
Learns how to long for incestuous passion.

Then, (with her husband drunken with wine), she seeks
Younger adult'ress, nor does she care to whom
She stealthily gives joys illicit
While the apartment is hid in darkness.

But, being bidden, tho' her lord knows of it,
She rises, whether call'd by the panderer
Or master of some Spanish vessel,
Heavily paying for these disgraces.

Not from such parents sprung forth the offspring who
Dyed red the ocean with Carthaginian blood,
And slew old Pyrrhus, and the mighty
Antiochus, and the dreadful Hannibal;—

No! but the sons of rude rustic soldiery,
Taught with the Sabine hoe how to turn the soil,
And at some stern old mother's bidding
Carry the wood for the household fuel—

What time the sun inverting his rays, cast shade
On all the mountains, and from the lab'ring ox
Remov'd the yoke, and brought the friendly
Period of rest, or of pleasant solace—

What grows not less thro' force of the wasting Time?
Our fathers' age was worse than our grandfathers',
We, worse than they, bring forth an offspring
Still more advanc'd than ourselves in evil.

ODE VII. (To Asterie.)

Why, O Asterie, weep for him whom the breeze
Shall with first dawn of Spring bring again to thee?
Rich with wares of Bithynia,
Youth of constant fidelity;—

Gyges? He by South-winds driven to Oricum,
After rising of mad Goat-star, the cold nights through,
Sleepless, not without many
Tears, in thinking of thee, endures.

But the messenger who comes from the anxious dame,
Tells how Chloë so fair tenderly sighs for him,
And, relating her love-flame,
Tempts him, crafty, a thousand ways;—

Telling how credulous Prœtus, by charges false,
His wife, perfidious, urg'd on to expedite
Chaste Bellerophon's murder,
Ah! too chaste for so sad a fate!

Tells how Peleus of old nearly was giv'n to Hell,
While he fled from the Magnesian Hippolyte;—
And, with sinful suggestions,
Brings false histories to his mind;

Vainly! deafer than e'en mountains of Icarus,
All the vile words he hears, sound in his heart as yet,
But, lest neighbour Enipeus
Please thee more than is right, beware!

Though none skilful as he, reining the charger in,
Can be seen in the whole reach of the Marsian course,
Nor does any so swiftly
Swim the channel of Tuscan stream—

Shut, I pray thee, at first nightfall, thy house, nor gaze
In the streets at the sweet sound of the plaintive pipe,
And though often he call thee
Stern, be still inaccessible.

ODE VIII. (To Mæcenas.)

What I, a bach'lor, do on March's Kalends—
What mean the flow'rs, and tables full of incense,
And the live coal pil'd up in heaps, you wonder,
Over the greensward;—

Learn'd in discourses both in Greek and Latin,
Know, then, I vow'd rich banquets, and a snow-white
Goatling to Bacchus, nearly sent to Hades
By the tree falling.

This day, in each recurring year, so festal,
Shall remove cork from off the smoke-dried vessel,
Carefully fasten'd down with pitch in days when
Tullus was Consul.

Take, my Mæcenas, take a hundred bumpers,
For thy friend sav'd from death, and bring forth wakeful
Lamps till the day-break; far from hence be ev'ry
Clamour and anger!

Truce to your anxious cares about the City,
Routed are Dacian Cotiso's battalions,
While the Medes, once so hostile, are involv'd in
Civil dissensions.

Now our old Spanish enemy Cantabrian,
Lately subdu'd, is brought beneath our bondage,
Now, too, the Scythians, with the bow unbended,
Think of retreating.

Heedless, for once, of popular commotions,
Take, as a private citizen, thy pleasure ;—
Seize with delight the present hour's enjoyment,
Business to-morrow !

ODE IX. (HORACE AND LYDIA.)

(*Horace.*) WHILE I was as a friend to thee,
Nor did any more blest lover entwine his arms
Round the charms of thy snowy neck,
I was happier far e'en than the Persian King.

(*Lydia.*) While with none more than Lydia
Wert thou charmèd, nor was Chloë preferr'd to me,
Lydia, famous in character,
Flourish'd nobler than did Rome's famous Ilia.

(*Hor.*) Me now Thrácian Chloë rules ;—
Skilful she in soft lays, and in the cithara,
For whom willingly would I die,
Did the Fates but preserve her, my surviving soul.

(*Lyd.*) Me with mutual love inflames
Calais, son of my friend, Thurian Ornithus,
For whom twice would I dare to die,
If the Fates would but spare him, my surviving boy—

(*Hor.*) What if old love again return,
And, though once sever'd far, join us in lasting bonds,
What if Chloë with golden hair
Shaken off, readmit Lydia, once refus'd?—

(*Lyd.*) Though he fairer than star should shine,
Thou be lighter than cork, angrier far than waves
Of the pitiless Adria,
With thee glad would I live, gladly would die with thee.

ODE X. (To Lyce.)

If thou drankest of cold Tanais' remotest stream,
Spouse of barbarous mate, still, my harsh Lyce, still
Might'st thou shrink to expose me, stretch'd before thy door
To the wild blasts of Aquilo;—

Hear'st the creaking with which tightly the fate and grove
Planted close to thy fair dwelling, rebellows to
Gusts of wind, while the clear Jupiter's influence
Freezes masses of settl'd snow.

O! put far from thee pride odious to Beauty's Queen,
Lest with turn of the wheel, back goes the rope of fate,
No Penelope sure, hard to thy suppliants,
Wert thou born of thy Tuscan sire.

O! though neither gifts, pray'rs, no! nor the pallid look,
Violet-tinctur'd, of thy lovers, can move thee, nor
Husband, smit with the charms of a Pierian fair,
Thy petitioners spare, I pray.

Do not, harder than e'en tough beech's hardest heart,
And in temper more fierce than Mauritanian
Snakes, thus treat me, for I will not for ever bear
Drenching rain at thy threshold-door.

ODE XI. (To Mercury.)

Mercury! (for, obedient to thy teaching,
Mountains Amphion's minstrelsy attended,)
And thou, my lyre, with sevèn-chorded music
Skilfully sounding.

Formerly, neither vocal nor delightful,
Now, both at banquets and in temples pleasing,
Teach me such strains as may attract the ears of
Obstinate Lyde.

Who, like a three-month filly in the pastures,
Sportively plays, too skittish to be handl'd,
Tender, as yet unfit for frisky partner's
Wanton embraces.

Thou both the tigers and attendant forests
Leadest, and stayest flow of rapid rivers,
And to thee, coaxing him, Hell's dreaded porter,
Cerberus, yielded.

E'en tho' around his dreadful head a hundred
Snakes mounted guard, while from his mouth three-tonguèd
Foulness of breath and gore in putrefaction
Ever were flowing.

Yes! and Ixion, Tityos too, unwilling
Smil'd, and their urn a little while stood empty,
While with sweet vocal melody thou soothest
Danaus' daughters.

Let Lyde hear the wickedness and noted
Pains of the Virgins, and the empty vessel
(Empty through water wasting through the bottom,)
And the retarded

Fates, which await faults surely, ev'n in Orcus;—
Impious women (for what crime more awful
Could they commit?) they dar'd to slay their husbands,
Slay with the sword-point!

One out of many, worthy of the nuptial
Torch, she who prov'd herself to her false parent
Gloriously lying, and a virgin noted
All through the ages!

Who to her youthful husband cried, "Awaken,
"Lest from a quarter whence you ne'er expected
"Sleep, long and fatal, come, my wicked father
"Foil, and my sisters;—

"Who, as the lionesses tear the heifers,
"Tear them in pieces; but, of gentler nature,
"I will not strike thee, nor with bolt or barrier
"Will I detain thee.

"Me let my father load with savage fetters,
"For that I spar'd my miserable husband,
"Me by sea let him banish to Numidia's
"Furthermost borders!—

"Go where thy feet and where the winds may bear thee,
"While night and Venus favour. Go with lucky
"Omen, and on my sepulchre engrave my
"Pitiful story!"

ODE XII. (To Neobule.)

'Tis the part of wretched women not to sport with love, nor with sweet
Wine to wash their ills away;—or lose their spirit, thro' the fear of
Lashes of an uncle's tongue. The wingèd boy of Cytherea
Thy work-basket and thy tapestry has taken from thee; and thy
Diligence, O Neobulè, in laborious Minerva's
Toils, the charms of Liparean Hebrus have remov'd a horseman
In equestrian skill excelling e'en Bellerophon the noted,
Soon as he his shining shoulders hath in Tiber's waters bathèd
Then unconquerable both in pugilistic skill and running,
Clever too in hurling darts at stags in agitation flying,
And as quick in capturing the boar in wooded forest hidden.

ODE XIII. (To the Fount of Bandusia.)

O Bandusia's fount, clearer by far than glass,
Worthy thou of sweet wine, not without fragrant flow'rs,
Thine to-morrow the kid dies,
Whose face, swelling with budding horns,

Grown but newly, proclaims love-sport and wantonness,—
All in vain ! for his blood soon, with its crimson stain,
(Offspring he of a wanton flock,)
Shall thy streamlets incarnadine.

Thee the season of fierce scorching Canicula
Strikes not,—Thou bringest forth cool and refreshing streams
To the yoke-wearied oxen,
And the wandering herds of kine.

'Mid the fountains of fame thou too shalt have thy place,
While in verse I proclaim thine the dark ilex-shade
Overshad'wing the boulders
Whence thy waters leap babbling down.

ODE XIV. (The Praises of Augustus.)

Cæsar, who late, like Hercules, ye people,
Sought the death-purchas'd laurel as reported,
Now from Hispania's borders is returning,
Conqueror, homeward.

Now let the wife, who loves her husband only,
Come forth with offerings to the Gods propitious,
And the great Gen'ral's sister, and, bedeck'd with
Suppliant garland,

Mothers of virgins, and of youths but lately
Sav'd from death. Ye, O youths and lately-married
Damsels, I pray you, let your tongue refrain from
Words of ill omen !

This day, to me above all others festal,
Blackness of care shall banish from my bosom,
Tumult and death I'll never fear, while Cæsar
Holds the dominion.

Haste, my boy, haste, and bring me flow'rs and ointment,
And the cask dating from the Marcian battle,
(If that old vagrant Spartacus has left one
Down in the cellar,)

Bid, too, the clear-voic'd songstress, fair Neæra,
Hasten to bind her hair in myrrhy topknot,
But if the surly janitor delays you,
Turn from the doorstep.

Whitening locks alleviate the passions
Once so much giv'n to strife and wanton wrangling,
I'd not have borne it, warm with youth, in days when
Plancus was Consul.

ODE XV. (To Chloris.)

Wife of poor wretched Ibycus
Cease, O cease now at length foll'wing thy wickedness,
And thy labours of infamy ;—
And, (all ripe as thou art now for thy grave,) to sport
In the midst of the Virgin-train,
And to cast a dark cloud over the glitt'ring stars,
What suits Pholoë well enough
Suits not thee, Chloris, too ; fitter thy daughter far
Storms the doors of the young fellows
E'en as Thyad when stirr'd by the loud timbrels' clash.

Her the passion for Nothus burns,
Making her, like a goat, caper lasciviously—
Thee the Wool of Luceria,
Not the strains of the lute, fitted for youth, become,
Nor the rose in its damask bloom,
Nor the cask drain'd to dregs, now that thou art so old.

ODE XVI. (To Mæcenas.)

Danaē, firmly shut up, that mighty tow'r of brass,
And those strong oaken doors, and the grim watchdog's bark,
Baying all the night long mournfully, might have kept
From nocturnal adulterers.

Had not omnipotent Jupiter and Venus,
Laugh'd at Acrisius, timorous guardian
Of the Virgin conceal'd, when the God, turn'd to gold,
Found a ready access to her.

Gold, so mighty in pow'r, through the dense satellites
And through e'en the hard rocks' fastnesses, loves to break,
Mightier far than the pow'r of the dread thunderbolt;—
This destroy'd the Greek augur's house;—

Smitten down to its fall, all through the lust of gain;—
Gates of cities were cleft by Macedonia's
Hero, bribing their kings, rivals; yea, gifts of gold
Rough sea-captains entraps in snares.

Wealth, the faster it grows, is but the prey of care,
And of lusting for more;—Rightly have I abhorr'd
Far o'er others to raise my over-weening head,
O Mæcenas, thou flow'r of Knights!

Just as each has himself more and yet more denied,
Will the Gods give him more ;—All in my emptiness
I the camp will attend of the un-covetous,
A deserter of homes of wealth ;—

Of my humble estate lord more magnificent
Than if all that the strong active Apulian ploughs
I were said to have stor'd up in my threshing floors,
Poor, 'mid stores of abounding wealth.

Streamlet flowing with pure water, and just a few
Woodland acres, with crops ne'er disappointing me,
Make me happier far e'en than the Potentate,
Lord of glittering Africa.

Though nor honey have I, stor'd by Calabrian bees,
Nor does wine in the old Læstrygon amphora
Mellow for me, nor rich Gallican pasturage
Feeds my fleeces in luxury ;—

Still, I'm free from the sad pinches of poverty,
Nor, if more I requir'd, would you deny it me,
Thus, by keeping in bounds all my desire for more,
I can easier pay my tax

Than if I were to join all Alyattes' wealth
To the Mygdonian lands—They who seek for much
Lose much ;—Well for the man who a sufficiency
Has from Heav'n with a frugal hand !

ODE XVII. (To Ælius Lamia.)

Ælius, descended nobly from old Lama,
(Since 'tis from him they say that the Lamiæ
Were first so call'd, and their descendants
Thro' the long course of recording annals—)

Thou from that founder tracest thy origin,
Who was the first the walls of old Formiæ
To hold, and Liris' stream, that glideth
Into the shores of the fair Marica—

Lord of broad realms—To-morrow an eastern gale
Shall with thick leaves and profitless weed bestrew
The grave, unless the many-winter'd
Crow, the infallible wat'ry augur,

Deceive me—Heap on, heap, while you can, my friend,
All the dry logs—To-morrow thy genius
Thou'lt soothe with wine and two-month porker,
With thy attendants releas'd from labour.

ODE XVIII. (To Faunus.)

Faunus, of Nymphs coy runaways the lover,
Through my sweet fields and all the sunny country
May'st thou pass gently, nor in thy departure
Injure my kidlings.

If to thee falls the tender kid a victim,
When the year ends, and wine in rich abundance
Fails not the goblet, Venus's companion,
While the old altar

Smokes with much incense. In the grassy pasture
All the herd sports, at nones of each December,
And in the meadows with the oxen plays the
Festival hamlet.

'Mid the bold lambs the wolf all harmless wanders,
And the wood sheds for thee its leafy honours,
Thrice the detested ground the delver's footstep
Joyously tramples.

ODE XIX.

How far distant from Inachus
Codrus liv'd, who would die for his dear country's sake,
You tell—the race of Æacus,
And the battles beneath Ilium's holy tow'rs.
But at what price the Chian wine
We may buy—who will warm water with fire for us,
And by whose hospitality
We Pelignian cold safely may shun—no news!
Give the new Moon a bumper-glass,
Give to Midnight's hour one, and give the Augur one,—
Our Muræna; with three or nine
Glasses commodious be our chas'd goblets fill'd!
He who loves the odd-number'd Muse,
Three times three let that bard pledge in his ecstasy.
But not more than three cups the Grace,
Fearing lest she stir up quarrels, permits to us,
—She, join'd with her nude sister-band.—
'Tis my joy to be mad! Why cease the clarion-blasts
Of the horn Berecynthian?
Why hangs mutely the pipe? What ails the silent lyre?
I detest parsimonious hands.
Scatter roses around;—Let Lycus envious
Hear the maddening, ranting noise,
And our neighbour so fair, too young for old Lycus,
Thee, so spruce with thy bushy locks,
Thee, like beams of the pure Vesper, sweet Telephus,
Chloë seeks, with her ripe young charms,
Me, my Glycera fair slowly with love consumes.

ODE XX. (To Pyrrhus.)

Seest thou not, O Pyrrhus, at what hazard
Thou the Gætulian lioness's offspring
Rousest, whom soon thou'lt flee (the battle o'er) a
Timorous robber.

When through the thronging crowds of youths opposing
Quickly she flies, in search of young Nearchus,
Great is the contest, whether larger prey be
Thine or her portion.

While in the meantime thou thy flying arrows
Shootest, she whets her dreadful teeth for battle,
And the strife's umpire puts beneath his feet the
Prize of the contest.

Then with the gentle breezes he refreshes
His comely shoulders deck'd with hair anointed,
Such as was Nireus, or the youth entrapp'd from
Watery Ida.

ODE XXI. (To his Cask.)

O born with me in Manlius' consulship,
Whether thou bringest murmurs or levity,
Or strife, or love in all its madness,
Or, pious cask, a refreshing slumber—

Under whatever name the choice Massic juice
Thou keepest, fit for drawing on some glad day,
Descend, at bidding of Corvinus,
Draw forth thy wine with its mellow flavour.

For he, tho' vers'd in all the Socratic lore,
Will not neglect thee, stern in sobriety,
And e'en old Cato's rigid virtue
Often ('tis said) was with wine attemper'd.

Thou instigation gentle to intellects
Dull for the most part addest, and secret plans
And counsels of the wise revealest
Under Lyæus's mirthful influence.

Thou cheerest anxious minds by infusing hope,
And addest horns of strength to the poor man's heart,
Who dreads not, after thee, the angry
Crests of proud monarchs, or arms of soldiers.

Thee Bacchus, and bright Venus, if so she will,
And all the Graces, loth to dissolve the knot,
And living lamps, in feasts shall lengthen,
Till the stars die in returning sunshine.

ODE XXII. (To Diana.)

Guardian of mountains and of groves, Thou Virgin,
Who thy poor vot'ries in the pains of labour
Thrice invok'd, hearest, and from death deliv'rest,
Goddess three-formèd!

Thine be the pine o'ershadowing my villa,
Which, when each year is happily completed,
I with the blood of sidelong-wounding boar-pig
Gladly shall sprinkle.

ODE XXIII. (To Phidyle.)

If to the Heav'n thou raise thy uplifted hands
At the new Moon, my pastoral Phidyle,
If thou with barley-meal and incense
Lares appease, and the greedy porker ;—

Nor shall thy fruitful vine the sirocco-blast
Feel, nôr thy cornfield suffer the with'ring blight,
Nor shall thy tender younglings shrivel
'Neath sickly blasts at the Autumn season.

For the doom'd victim feeding in Algidus
Snow-clad, among the oaks and the ilex-trees,
Or growing in Albanian pastures,
Shall with its life-blood the Pontiff's axes

Besprinkle. As for thee, it is not requir'd
Thy little household Gods to propitiate
With flocks of sacrifice, but crown them
Simply with rosemary and with myrtle.

If but a guileless hand hath the altar touch'd,
No costly victim will more acceptably
Appease the once-averse Penates,
Than holy corn, or the crackling salt-cake.

ODE XXIV. (On Rich Misers.)

Though with more than Arabian wealth
Yet untouch'd, and the rich treasures of India,
Thou with buildings should'st occupy
All the Tyrrhenian coast, and Apulian sea ;—

If on tops of thy highest piles
Dire necessity fix her adamantine hooks,
Neither shalt thou thy mind from fear,
Nor from meshes of death shalt thou release thy head.
Better do the wild Scythians
(Whose wains draw, by their fix'd custom, their wand'ring homes,)
Live, and all the rude Getan tribes,
Whose unmeasur'd domains, lying around them, yield
Fruit and corn free to all the race;—
Nor for more than a year cultivate they the soil,
And, when one is from labour freed,
His successor, by lot, fills up his vacant place.
There the innocent stepmother
Rears with tenderest care children left motherless;
Nor doth wife, rich in dowry's wealth,
Rule her husband, nor yet trust the sleek paramour.
Their great dowry, their parents' fame
And their chastity true, fearful of other men.
This to them is a certain bond;—
Sin is impious, and sin's sure reward is death.
O! would any one take away
Our impiety's dire slaughter, and civil war,
Would he "Father of Cities" be
On our statues engrav'd, then let him dare to curb
Our unbridl'd licentiousness,
Fam'd for ages to come, seeing we (O the shame!)
Hate the virtue before our eyes,
But, when mov'd from our sight, seek it with envious eyes.
What avail all our sad complaints
If the punishment due fails to remove the fault?

What can laws without morals do?
Vain! If neither the climes glowing with fervid heat,
Shut in by the all-powerful Sun,
Nor the side of the world nearest to Boreas,
And the soil frozen hard with snow,
Keep the merchantman back? Sailors expert and bold
Conquer ocean's most dreadful depths.
Want, that greatest disgrace, want will compel a man
Both to do and to suffer aught,
And deserted are all arduous Virtue's paths,
Let us then to the Capitol,
Whither shouts of the dense favouring crowds invite,
Or in depths of the nearest sea
Cast our gems, precious stones, and all our useless gold,
(Ground of greatest mishap to us,)
If indeed we repent well of our wickedness.
The first seeds of our avarice
Must be quite rooted out, and our too tender minds
Must by studies of rougher sort
Be reform'd. Now, in our day, the patrician youth
Knows not how on his horse to sit,
And to hunt is afraid. Skilfuller he, to play
Whether with hoop of Grecia,
Or with dice, if you please, dice, which the law forbids,
While his father, with perjur'd faith,
Cheats his partner in trade, or his confiding quest,
And makes haste to heap money up
For his reprobate heir. Thus, forsooth, guilty wealth
Is increasing perpetually,
Yet, though hoarded his store, something is wanting still.

ODE XXV. (To Bacchus.)

Whither, Bacchus, art hurrying me,
Full of thee? To what woods now am I driv'n? What caves?
Quick with feelings new? Yes, in what
Caverns shall I be heard, while I am bent to raise
Our illustrious Cæsar's fame
Up to heav'n, and the great Jupiter's council-hall?
I shall utter strains new, as yet
Sung by no other mouth. Thus, in her fastnesses,
Sits the Bacchanal in a trance,
Viewing Hebrus, and eke Thracia clad with snow.
And, by barbarous footsteps trod,
Seeing Rhodope. What joy, in my wanderings,
To admire uninhabited
Rocks and groves! O thou Lord of Bacchanalian maids,
And of Naiades, strong to hurl
Down from tops of the rocks e'en the tall mountain-ash.
Nothing small or of low degree,
Nothing mortal, I'll speak, Sweet is the risk to me,
Foll'wing thee in my raptur'd song,
Thee, Lenæus, my God, thee with the vine-leaf bound.

ODE XXVI. (To Venus.)

Lately I liv'd for Venus's warfare fit,
And in her service fought not ingloriously,
But now my lyre and armour hanging
On the wall, shew me retir'd from battle;—

That wall, which guards the shrine of the sea-goddess
On the left side. Here lay ye the torches down,
And bows and levers once so pow'rful,
Threat'ning all doors that oppos'd my passage.

O Thou, the Goddess who the blest Cyprian isle
Holdest, and Memphis free from Sithonian snow,
Thou Queen, just once, with scourge uplifted,
Give a slight touch to my haughty Chloë.

ODE XXVII. (To Galatea.)

Impious spirits! may they be conducted
By chatt'ring lapwing, pregnant bitch, or tawny
Wolf running down from the Lanuvian forest,
Or the full vixen!

And may the serpent break upon their journey
When, like an arrow darting, she their horses
Terrifies, glancing right athwart their path. I,
Provident augur,

What shall I fear for thee? I, ere the storm-bird,
Prophet of rain, shall seek again its marshes,
Will, by my pray'r, invoke the raven, croaking
Far from the Eastward.

May'st thou be happy wheresoe'er thou journey'st,
And of me, Galatea, ever mindful,
Nor may the magpie, on the left, prevent thee,
Nor the crow raving!

Yet see Orion low'ring in a tumult,
Well do I know dark Adria's stormy billows,
Well do I know the dangers to be fear'd from
Whit'ning Iapyx.

O let the wives and children of our foemen
Feel the blind motions of the rising Hædus,
Feel the dark ocean's roar, with all the coast-line
Quiv'ring before it.

Thus did Europa to the bull, confiding,
Trust her white form, and when she saw the ocean
Yawning with beasts, and all the fraud around her,
Pal'd at the vision.

Busied of late with flow'rs in all the meadows,
Weaving a garland to the Nymphs devoted,
She in the glimm'ring night saw nought but stars and
Billows around her.

And when she reach'd the hundred-citied island
She exclaim'd, "Father! O! the now-abandon'd
"Name and affection of thy daughter"—angry,
Madden'd with fury.

"Whence came I? Whither going? For a virgin's
"Fault, but one death seems all too light. Awaking
"Do I deplore my sad offence? Or with me
"Sports but the image

"Vain, which, escaping from the iv'ry portal,
"Brings on a dream, all free as yet from vices?
"Were the sea voyage better, or the plucking
"Flowers freshly-gather'd?

"Would one now give me in my rage the bullock,
"Him would I strive to tear with sword asunder;
"Yes! and to break his horns, altho' but lately
"Much I had lov'd him.

"Shamelessly did I leave my own Penates,
"Shamelessly postpone Death; O Thou, whoever
"Of the Gods hear'st me—Let me, Let me, naked
"Roam among lions!

"Ere yet uncomely leanness seizes on my
"Cheeks, now so blooming, and the healthy moisture
"Flows from their prey, I would in all my beauty
"Feed the fierce tigers.

"Now cries my absent father—'Vile Europa,
"'Why delay death? When from this very ash-tree
"'Hanging suspended by your belt, your life is
"'Easily ended.

"'Or do the rocks and mountains all death-sharpen'd
"'Please you, entrust yourself to the storm's mercy,
"'But that perchance you better love th' ignoble
"'Tasks of a handmaid,

"'Maid as you are of royal birth—or place of
"'Concubine to some king'"—But, while complaining,
Venus drew nigh with crafty smile, and Cupid
With bow unbended.

Then when she long enough had laugh'd, she cried out;—
"Cease from your anger and your heat of passion,
"When the Bull shall to thee his horns deliver
"Soon to be broken.

"Know'st not that thou art wife to Jove unconquer'd?
"Cease then thy sobbings, learn to bear with fitness
"This thy great Fortune—For a world's divided
"Portion shall name thee."

ODE XXVIII. (To Lyde.)

What, oh what, shall I rather do
On great Neptune's feast-day? Draw the old Cæcuban,
Sprightly Lyde, from cellar forth,
And to wisdom of thine add its inspiring force.
See you not the mid-day decline?
Yet, as though the swift hours stay'd in their course for us,
You delay from the bin to draw
That cask loit'ring from old Bibulus' consulship.
Yes! We, each in our turn, will sing
Neptune, and the green hair of the Nereïdes,
Thou shalt sing on thy curvèd lyre
Leto, with the swift darts of the fam'd Cynthian queen,
Crowning her with renown, in song,
Who owns Cnidos, and bright-glittering Cyclades,
And who Paphos with harness'd swans
Visits. Night shall be then hymn'd in a fitting lay.

ODE XXIX. (To Mæcenas.)

O Thou, of Tuscan monarchs the progeny,
For thee the mellow'd wine in a cask untapt,
Mæcenas, with the flow'r of roses,
And with fresh oil for thy flowing tresses

Long since I've kept. A truce to thy long delay,
Be not for ever looking on Tibur's stream,
And Æsula's moist lands, and range of
Hills where Telegonus slew his father—

Quit for awhile fastidious opulence,
And lofty buildings mounting so near the clouds,
And cease admiring Rome's perpetual
Din, and her wealth, and her smoke ascending—

Change to the wealthy frequently brings delight;—
And simple meals beneath a friend's roof, tho' poor,
Without the pomp of purple drap'ry,
Often have smooth'd the brow worn and wrinkl'd.

Now the renownèd sire of Andromeda
Shews his conceal'd fire. Now rages Procyon,
And madd'ning Lion's constellation,
While the sun brings back the sultry weather.

Now seeks the shepherd shade with his weary flock,
And the cool streams, and forest with oaken groves
Of rough Sylvanus, while the silent
Bank of the river scarce feels the breezes—

Thou, for the Roman welfare solicitous,
And for the State's prosperity, fearest still
What Seres, and, in Cyrus' empire,
Bactra prepares, and discordant Tanais.

God, in his prudence, issues of future time
In cloudy darkness far from our sight conceals,
And smiles when mortal man is anxious
More than is fit. What is now before you

Settle with justice: all the rest, like the stream,
Is borne along; now in the calm mid-channel
Peacefully gliding to the Tuscan
Sea;—now in raging and stormy current

Bearing the wave-worn rocks, and the trees uptorn
All in a mass, and cattle, and homes of men,
With roar, from neighb'ring woods and mountains
When the fierce deluge stirs up the rivers—

He will, his soul possessing, live joyfully,
Who, as each day goes by, can say, "I have liv'd;
"To-morrow let th' Almighty Father
"Either fill up with the darkling storm-cloud,

"Or the pure sunlight! That which is past, e'en He
"Cannot undo and cause to have never been,
"Nor can He by his pow'r demolish
"Bliss that the past fleeting hour has given."

Fortune, rejoicing sternly to do her part,
And fix'd on playing insolent sport with us,
Her honours, all uncertain, changes,
Favouring now one and now another,

While she remains, I praise her, but if she shakes
Her flitting wings, I give her back what she gave;—
Wrapt in my virtue, honest, dow'rless
Poverty—this is the boon I ask for.

'Tis not for me, whenever my vessel's mast
Howls with the Southern whirlwind, to have recourse
To wretched pray'rs, or make a bargain
Lest my rich wares from far Tyre or Cyprus

Should to the greedy sea give increase of wealth—
In such a case, safe hous'd in my little boat,
The fav'ring breeze thro' storms Ægæan
Shall, with Twin Brethren, protect my passage.

ODE XXX. (On His Poems.)

I a statue have rear'd longer to live than brass,
And more lofty than height royal of Pyramids;
Which nor storm can devour, nor headlong Aquilo
Overwhelm, or the great series innum'rable
Of the years as they roll, and the swift flight of time.
I shall ne'er wholly die. But the best part of me
Libitina shall 'scape. E'en to posterity
Shall my fame grow afresh, while to the Capitol
With the Vestal so mute shall the high-priest ascend.
I, in countries where roars violent Aufidus,
And where, scanty in streams, Daunus his country tribes
Governs, I shall be said, strong, yet of low degree,
First to Latian strains famous Æolia's song
To have tunèd. Assume, Muse, the proud glory won,
Won by merits of thine, and with the Delphic leaf
Crown my hair at thy will, crown me, Melpomene!

BOOK IV.

ODE I. (To Venus.)

Wars long since set at rest, Venus,
Art thou rousing again? Spare me, I pray, I pray;—
I am not what I us'd to be
Under Cynara's sweet ravishing influence.
Cease, fierce Mother of Loves so sweet,
Cease to bend one whom ten lustrums have harden'd now
E'en to gentle control like thine.
Go where pray'rs of the youths gently invoke thee back.
More becomingly in the house
May'st thou holiday hold of Paulus Maximus—
Thou, borne thither by purple swans—
If thou seek to inflame lover to match with thee.
He, both noble and elegant,
And of tremulous guilt eloquent advocate,
And a youth of a hundred arts,
Will bear marks of thy sweet soldiery far and wide,
And whenever—more pow'rful he
Than the gifts of his rich rival—he laughs at him,
Then, 'neath beam of the citron-tree,
Thou in marble shalt rise near the Albanian lakes.
There much frankincense thou shalt smell,
And delight thyself with gratefully mingl'd sound
Of lyre and Berecynthian
Flute, with strains of the pipe joining in harmony.

There the youths shall, twice ev'ry day,—
With the tender young girls praising thy Deity,—
Their feet shining like glitt'ring snow—
Thrice in Salian dance gracefully beat the ground.
Me nor woman delights, nor youth,
Nor the credulous hope telling that friends are true,
Nor the winefeasts' uproarious strife,
Nor my temples to bind with the frésh flow'rs anew.
But oh why, Ligurinus, why
Steals the salt flow of tears slowly adown my cheeks?
Why, no longer so eloquent,
Doth my utterance slow falter amidst my words?
I hold thee in my nightly dreams
Now as captive, and now follow thy speedy flight
Through the grass of the Martian
Field, thou cruel one, thee through the fast-rolling streams.

ODE II. (To Antonius Julus.)

Julus, whoever strives to rival Pindar
Leans on wings waxen by the Dædalēan
Art, and is sure to give his name to glassy
Waves of the Ocean.

Like a stream, running down from mountain-summit,
Swollen by rain beyond its wonted limits,
Pindar, enraptur'd, foams along in numbers
Deep and unbounded.

Sure to be gifted with Apollo's laurel,
Whether he rolls new words in Dithyrambic
Strains, and is swiftly hurried on in measures
Lawless and raging.

Or does he sing of Gods, and Kings, the offspring
Of the Gods, through whom, in a well-deservèd
Death, fell the Centaurs, and the most terrific
Flame of Chimæra.

Or those whom Elis' palm brings home victorious,
Deathless in triumph, whether horse or boxer,
Does he proclaim in verse above a hundred
Statues in glory!

Or does he mourn the youth whom Fate has hurried
From his sad spouse, and while his strength he praises,
Courage and morals, grudges him to Orcus'
Gloomy dominion.

Plentiful gales uplift the swan of Dircè,
While, my Antonius, to the heights of heavèn
Soars he aloft. But I, resembling lowly
Bee of Matinus,

Culling the honey'd sweets with toil abundant,
Round about Tibur's grove and dewy pastures,
Fashion with toil and after painful effort
Melodies humble.

Thou, bard indeed, and with a nobler harp-string,
Shalt exalt Cæsar, when, bedeck'd with laurel,
He thro' the Sacred Hill the fierce Sicambrians
Leads in his triumph.

He, than whom nothing greater, nothing better,
Have the good Gods, or Fate, to Romans given,
Nor will they give, tho' Time again the Golden
Age should restore us.

Thou shalt sing joyful days, and all the city's
Public sports held in honour of Augustus'
Safe return to his country, and the Forum
Free from contentions.

Then my voice—if that anything worth hearing
I can speak—shall be heard, exclaiming, "O day
"Beautiful, ever worthy to be prais'd, for
"Cæsar's returning!"

While you move thro' the streets, "Io triumphe,"
Not once alone we'll sing, "Io triumphe,"
All the whole city, and the grateful incense
Offer to heaven.

Thou shalt ten bulls as sacrificial victims
Give, and as many kine; for me the tender
Calf is sufficient, newly-wean'd, and growing
For my devotions;—

Whose forehead imitates the New Moon's curving
Just three days old, with horns but newly budding,
Where his mark shews, of snowy-white appearance,
Otherwise tawny.

ODE III. (To Melpomene.)

Him whom once thou, Melpomene,
Hast at birth with an eye fav'rable look'd upon,
Him no labour in Isthmian games
Shall as boxer exalt; nor shall the mettlesome
Horse in Grecian chariot
Lead as victor; nor war, all with the Delian

Leaf as general crown'd,
(For that he the proud threats hath brought to nought of kings),
Shew in state to the Capitol.
But the streamlets that flow through Tibur's fruitful soil,
And the honours of leafy woods,
Shall exalt him to fame in the Æolian verse—
Me, the offspring of famous Rome,
(Chief of cities,) doth deign 'midst the delightful choir
Of her poets to count as one ;—
And by envious tooth now am I less attack'd.
Mistress thou of the golden shell !
Who, Pierian muse, temp'rest its dulcet sound,
Thou who even to fishes mute,
Can'st, if such be thy will, give song of dying swan,
This is wholly a gift of thine,
That I'm shewn by the proud fingers of passers-by
As the bard of the Roman lyre,
Yes ! To breathe and to please, (if please I do,) is thine.

ODE IV. (On Drusus.)

E'en as the wingèd bird of the thunderbolt,
(To whom the King of Gods the dominion
Hath o'er the wand'ring birds committed,
Jupiter, having to golden Ganymede

Found him so faithful,) whom youth and strength of old
Drove from his nest, as yet all unus'd to toil,
And vernal winds, and sky unclouded,
Taught him, tho' timid, unwonted efforts—

Soon on the sheepfolds, strong in hostility,
Instinct impetuous sent him all swooping down ;—
Again upon resisting serpents
Love of the feast and the battle drove him ;—

Or as the she-goat, bent on the pastures green,
Sees to her horror some tawny lion-cub
Just weanèd from his savage mother,
(Soon to die thro' his new fangs ferocious,)

So saw the Rhætian and Vindelician hordes
Drusus beneath the Alps waging war (whose use,
From whence deriv'd I ask not, always
With Amazonian axe their right hands

Arms, but we know not ev'rything—) but their bands
Tho' far and wide victorious, conquer'd now
Through the wise counsels of the youthful
General over the Roman army

Felt what a disposition and genius,
Nourish'd for battle under good auspices,
Could do, and what the wise paternal
Mind of Augustus, for youthful Neroes.

Brave men are always born from the brave and good,
Both steers and horses shew in their pedigree
The strength of sires, nor do ferocious
Eagles bring forth timid doves as offspring.

But learning gives improvement to native force,
And cultivation strengthens the intellect :
Whenever morals are defective,
Crimes will disgrace e'en the well-descended.

What to the race of Nero thou owest, Rome,
This the Metaurus testifies, Hasdrubal
O'ercome; and that great day, so noble
For its dispersing the Latian darkness—

Which with benignant victory first arose,
When through Italia's cities the African
So dreadful rode, like flame thro' torches,
Or the East-wind thro' Sicilian waters;—

Thenceforth the Roman youth with laborious toil
Prosper'd and grew; and temples which formerly
The Carthaginian rage had ravag'd,
Now saw their Gods in their wonted places.

Out spake at length perfidious Hannibal:
"We, like the weak deer, prey of rapacious wolves,
"Are foll'wing those, whom to escape from
"And to deceive, were our greatest triumph.

"That nation, which, all strong from the flames of Troy,
"Cast on the Tuscan waters: its sacred rites,
"And sons, and aged sires, in safety
"Hath to Ausonian cities carried.

"E'en as the ilex, shorn by the axe's edge
"On the dark fertile summit of Algidum,
"Through losses and destruction thriving,
"Draws from the steel both its wealth and vigour.

"Not Hydra with gash'd body more pow'rfully
"Grew, baffling all his efforts, on Hercules,
"Nor Echionian Thebes or Colchis
"Ever produc'd a more awful monster—

"Drown it in ocean's depths, it comes fairer forth;—
"Strive with it, with great praise it will overthrow
"The former victor, waging warfare
"Long to be vaunted by Roman matrons.

"Henceforth to Carthage ne'er will I send again
"Proud messengers. "'Tis fallen, 'tis fallen now,
"'Our name, with all its hope and fortune,
"'Fallen, by Hasdrubal's death, for ever.

"'Nought is there Claudian hands will not carry through,
"'Whom with benignant influence Jupiter
"'Defends; whom wise and prudent counsels
"'Safely conduct thro' the toils of battle.'"

ODE V. (To Augustus.)

O Thou, sprung from good Gods, best of the Guardians
Of old Romulus' race; thou art too long away,
After promise of thine, made in the Senators'
Sacred gathering, O return!

Bring back daylight, great chief, now to thy countrymen!
For, like spring's sweet return, when thy glad countenance
On thy people hath shone, days pass more pleasantly,
And the suns have a warmer glow.

For, like mother, when o'er raging Carpathian
Sea the South wind detains long her belovèd son
With invidious blast, more than a yearly space,
From his home with its sweet delights—

Both by omens and vows calls she him home, and pray'rs,
Nor from curve of the shore turns she her face away,
So, all smitten with true yearnings of loyalty,
Seeks his country her Cæsar back.

Safely now does the ox roam o'er the pasturage,
Ceres smiles, and, with her, kindly Prosperity,
Now through depths of the sea sailors glide peacefully,
And Fidelity shrinks from blame.

Each chaste house now is free from the adulterer,
Law and custom have stamp'd out the impiety;—
Mothers have, to their praise, children resembling them,
Crime is follow'd by punishment.

Who the Parthian fears? Who the cold Scythian?
Who, the horde that the fierce Germany rears for war,
While our Cæsar is safe? Who is alarm'd by war
In the savage Iberia?

Each one closes the day safely among his hills,
And his plentiful vines trains to the widow'd trees,
Then speeds homeward to drink joyfully, praising thee,
Thee, as God, at his second course.

Thee, with prayer he invokes, thee with abundant wine
Pour'd from goblet, and joins thy great divinity
With his Lares, like Greece, mindful of Castor's fame,
And illustrious Hercules.

May'st thou, chieftain benign, grant a long holiday
To Hesperia's land! This we thy countrymen,
Sober, when the day dawns;—this, in our cups, we pray,
When the sun sinks beneath the wave.

ODE VI. (To Apollo.)

God, whom the seed of Niobe, and Tityos,
Felt as avenger of their pride of language,
And he, of lofty Troy well-nigh the Victor,
Phthian Achilles.

Greater than others, yet to thee unequal,
Tho' he, the son of Thetis of the Ocean,
Shook the Dardanian tow'rs with his tremendous
Lance in the battle,

He, like a pine-tree stricken by the hatchet,
Or the tall cypress rooted up by Eurus,
Fell headlong down, and plac'd his haughty neck in
Teucrian ashes.

He would not, shut up in the horse of Pallas,
Have deceiv'd Trojans keeping their ill-omen'd
Holiday, and the hall of aged Priam
Joyful with dances,

But, (sternly cruel, openly, to captives,)
Would he have burnt in flames the speechless infants,
Ay! even those, alas! as yet unborn, the
Embryo offspring.

'Twas but thy voice and that of graceful Venus
Which for Æneas' fortunes from the Father
Gain'd the permission for a town by better
Augury builded.

Phœbus, thou teacher of the shrill Thalia,
Thou who thy tresses bathest in the Xanthus,
Be thou the Daunian Muse's mighty guardian,
Beardless Agyieus!

Phœbus to me the spirit, and the Poem's
Art, and a name among the bards hath given,
Virgins of rank, and boys from noble parents
Nobly descended;—

Wards of the Delian Goddess, who the lynxes
Swift-running, and the stags with bow delayeth,
Keep ye the Lesbian measure, while my thumb beats
Time to your music.

Sing of Latona's wondrous boy, and Queen of
Night, with her crescent horn, who o'er the harvests
Genially watches, and the months in order
Swiftly revolving.

Happily wedded, you shall say, "My Poem,
"When the time brought again the festive season,
"Grateful to Gods, I sung, but first from Poet
"Horace I learnt it."

ODE VII. (To Torquatus.)

Now the snows have fled, and the grass to the fields is returning
And to the forests the leaves,
Earth undergoes its change, and the rivers, slowly decreasing,
Flow in the channels of old.

Now the Grace, with the Nymphs and the sweet twin-band of her sisters
Joins, all unclad, in the dance.
Not to hope endless life here, the swift flying year will advise you
And the hour, gliding away;—
Cold is dissolv'd by the Winds, on the borders of Spring treads the Summer,
Soon to be passing away,
When with its apple-store the Autumn appears, and, soon after,
Winter, so sluggish, returns.
Yet the revolving Moons repair the losses of heaven;
But we, when once we have gone
Where pious Æneas, rich Tullus, and Ancus, have vanish'd,
Lo! dust and ashes are we!
Who can tell whether the Gods will add the hours of to-morrow
On to the sum of to-day?
All will escape your heir's greedy clutches, which with a friendly
Mind you have spent in your life.
For, when once thou hast died, and over thee Minos in judgment
Hath made his grand last award,
Then neither birth shall avail, Torquatus; nor eloquence bring thee
Back, nor thy fear of the Gods.
For from infernal gloom Diana can never deliver
Continent Hippolytus,
Nor from Lethæan chains can Theseus bring to the daylight
Well-belov'd Pirithous.

ODE VIII. (To Censorinus.)

Goblets fain would I give kindly, and statue-brass
Censorinus, my friend, to my companions—
Tripods too, the rewards due to brave Grecians;—
Nor should'st thou, be assur'd, friend, have the worst of them,
Were I wealthy in all skilful designs of art
Which or Parrhasius brought to light, or Scopas,
This on statues of stone, that with the painter's art,
Skilful now in a man's portraiture, now a God's—
But such is not my pow'r, nor do thy means require,
Nor the bent of thy mind, luxuries such as these—
Thy delight is in verse, and 'tis within my pow'r
Verse to give, and assign price to my gift of verse—
Not inscriptions on fam'd pillars of marble carv'd
Through which life and the breath do after death return
To our leaders renown'd, giving them second life,
Not the swift flight of Rome's enemy, Hannibal,
And his threats of contempt hurl'd back upon his head,
Not the flames raging round Carthage's impious tow'rs,
Blazon more to the world Scipio's fame, to whom
Conquer'd Africa gave name, on his glad return,
Than do strains of the sweet Muse of Calabria.
Nor, if writings of bards pass'd thee in silence by,
Would'st thou reap the reward thy glorious deeds deserve.
How would son of the great Mavors and Ilia fare
If an envious, mute, sad taciturnity
Had oppos'd the renown'd merits of Romulus!
See how Æacus, snatch'd from Styx' infernal flood,
Virtue, favour, and tongue of the most pow'rful bards
Doth in Isles of the Blest hallow eternally:

Yes! the praiseworthy man Muses forbid to die,
Muses lift up to Heaven! Thus sturdy Hercules
Sits at coveted feasts even of mighty Jove,
Thus the Tyndaridæ, twin-stars, from lowest depths
Save the vessels all toss'd with the mad ocean's waves,
Thus, (his brows with the green leafage of vine adorn'd,)
Bacchus doth to our vows prosperous issues bring.

ODE IX. (To Lollius.)

Think not the strains will perish, which I, the bard
Born near the sounding waters of Aufidus,
With arts unknown to former ages,
Sing to the strains of the lyre of Latium:—

Not though Mæonian Homer the highest seats
Holds, are the Songs of Pindar unknown to fame,
Aňd Cēān Muses, and Alcæan,
Ay! and Stesichorus' solemn numbers.

Nor what Anacreon sportively sung of old
Hath Time destroy'd; no! still breathe the strains of love,
Still lives the passion once entrusted
To the Æolian maiden's harp-string!—

Yes! not alone did Helen of Sparta burn
For an adult'rer's tresses so finely-comb'd,
Admir'd his gold-embroider'd garments,
Royal mien, and retinu'd attendants.

Nor was it Teucer who from Cydonian
Bow first sent forth the arrows; nor Ilium
Was only once laid low;—Idomeneus[a]
And mighty Sthenelus fought not solely

[a] Pronounce as a trisyllable.

Battles of noted record—nor Hector first
Bore, or the stern Deïphobus, punishment,
To save from suffering their virtuous
Wives, and their children so much belovèd.

Brave men before the great Agamemnon's time
Liv'd many, but in tearless oblivion
And night, unknown, and unlamented
Lie they, for want of a sacred poet—

Virtue conceal'd, but little is different
From buried sloth;—I will not, my Lollius,
Pass by thy fame all unrecorded,
In what I write, or thy many labours

Suffer to lie in envious oblivion.
No! for a mind is thine, both intelligent
In all affairs, and in prosperity
And in adversity calm and prudent.

Righteous avenger of avaricious fraud,
Careful abstainer from all-absorbing wealth,
And consul not for one year only,
But whensoever the good and faithful

Judge has preferr'd the right to the lucrative,
And has rejected sternly the guilty bribes
Of wicked men, and through opposing
Multitudes shewn a victorious passage.

Not him who owns great wealth would'st thou rightly call
Happy, but rather is he the happy man
Who can enjoy the gifts of heaven
Wisely, nor fears to endure the hardships

And griping pangs of poverty;—fears disgrace
Far more than death;—who for his belovèd friends
And native country gladly suffers
Death, without fearing the dread encounter.

ODE X. (To Ligurinus.)

O still cruel to me, and, with the gifts Venus has given, strong,
When on all thy disdain Time's winter drear, all unexpected, comes;
When the hair which is now flowing adown thy graceful shoulders, falls,
And thy colour which now, all in its bloom, doth e'en the rose excel,
Chang'd, ah! fatally chang'd, has to a rough bristly complexion turn'd,
Thou'lt say, Ah! (when in glass, O what a change! thou shalt thyself behold,)
Why, when glowing with youth, felt I not what, now in my age, I feel,
Or why do not the cheeks blooming with youth, come back once more to me?

ODE XI. (To Phyllis.)

I have a cask of nine-year-old Albanian,
Phyllis, all ready for thee; for thy chaplets,
Parsley is in my garden, and a store of
Plentiful ivy;—

Ivy, which decks thy tresses brightly shining—
All my house laughs with silver bright—my altar,
Bound with chaste vervain, covets blood of lambkin
Newly besprinkl'd.

Every one here is busy—hither, thither,
Run my brisk boys in company with maidens,
While the flames circling round and round, the ceiling
Touch with their smoke-cloud.

But, (that the joys to which you are invited
You may know,) you must spend the Ides of April,
Day which, the seaborn Venus' month adorning,
Cleaves it asunder.

Day rightly solemn, and almost more holy
E'en than my birthday to me, as the season
Whence my Mæcenas reckons up his flowing
Years in their order.

Telephus, whom you're seeking for, a damsel
Rich and lascivious, holds in pleasing fetters,
Think no more of him, for above thy station
Fortune has plac'd him.

Phaëton's fate dissuades from hopes ambitious,
Pegasus, too, the wingèd steed, disdaining
Upward to bear Bellerophon, his earth-born
Rider, will warn thee

Ever to seek things worthy of thee, shunning
Match disproportion'd, thinking it a crime to
Hope beyond proper limits. Come! thou last and
Sweetest of lov'd ones!

(For never shall I love another woman,)
Learn with me measures which with thy belovèd
Voice thou may'st render. Song shall surely lessen
Gloomy moroseness.

ODE XII. (To Virgil.)

Now the comrades of Spring, that rule the ocean's tides,
Breezes blowing from Thrace, fill out our swelling sails,
Nor are fields crisp with frost, nor do the rivers roar,
Swollen over with winter's snow.

Now the bird builds her nest, wailing her Itys dead,
(She, the lasting disgrace of the Cecropian house,)
Who with vengeance condign smote to the death of old
The barbarian lusts of Kings.

Now on tenderest grass while the flock's guardians
Feed their fat sheep, they sing songs on the tuneful pipe,
And the God they delight, whom the flocks please, and dark
Hills of lovely Arcadia.

Now the season of heat brings thirst, my Virgil, back,
But if you would imbibe vintage Calenian,
You, who oft are the guest of youths of high degree,
Must bring nard as the purchase-price ;—

Nard, in e'en a small box, will bring to light the cask
Which now lies in the old cellars Sulpician,
Strong, new hopes to inspire, potent to wash away
All the bitter effects of care.

If to joys such as these you will make haste, then come
Quick with hire in your hands, for not without your hire
Can I bid thee, my friend, share my festivity,
Like a rich man in wealthy home.

Come! a truce to delay, and the desire of gain!
And, all mindful, in time, of the dark fun'ral fires,
Mingle with your grave plans some little folly's fling,
Sweet is folly at fitting times.

ODE XIII. (To Lyce.)

Oh! the Gods, they have heard! Yes, they have heard my vows,
Lyce, thou art become old without doubt, and yet
Thou would'st seem to be fair, and
Sportest and drinkest shamelessly;—

And with quavering voice seekest to woo to thee
Cupid, loitering now—He in the blooming cheeks
Of young Chloë the harpist
Keeps the watch of his tender love—

For, impatient, he flies past the old wither'd oaks,
And avoids thee, because dusky and blacken'd teeth
Stain thee, cover'd with wrinkles;—
Thy hair snowy with marks of age.

Nor will Coan enrich'd purple robes bring thee back
(No! nor jewels so bright,) past days, which, once for all,
In the register'd annals,
Time, quick-passing, has enter'd down.

Where have gone your good looks? where your complexion sweet?
Where your step? What is left, ah me! of her, of her
Who was wont to breathe passion—
Who had ravish'd me from myself?—

Next to Cynara fair once—and of face well-known,
And all-pleasing in Love's arts! But to Cynara
Fate allow'd but a few years,
Meaning long to preserve in life

Lyce, long as an old, hoary, decrepit crow,
That young fellows might see, all in their fervid youth,
Not without much amusement,
How the torch has to ashes turn'd!

ODE XIV. (To Augustus.)

What care of Fathers, what of Quiritians,
Shall, with abundant off'rings of grateful love,
Thy fame, Augustus, with inscriptions
Thro' the long course of recording annals

Eternize? O thou! First of the Potentates
Where'er the Sun shines o'er the terrestrial globe,
Whose martial prowess Vindelicians
Lately have learn'd, tho' till now unconquer'd;—

For, led by thee, stern Drusus hath more than once
Smitten Genaunian races implacable,
And the swift Brenni, and the citadels[b]
Built on the terrible Alpine summits.

[b] Pronounce as a dissyllable.

Then, too, the elder Nero, the Rhætians,
Giants in stature, slew in the grievous fight,
Under thy auspices successful
Driving their hosts in dismay before him.

Like some grave portent seen in the sky, was he
By all beholders view'd in the martial field ;—
The while his foes who strove for freedom,
(As the South wind drives the waves before it,

What time the clouds are riv'n by the Pleiades,)
Drave he in conquest's ruinous overthrow,
Quick to repel foes, and his foaming
Charger to drive through the fires of battle.

So whirls along the bull-formèd Aufidus,
Flowing by coasts of Daunian Appulus,
When, raging in its course, it threatens
Havoc to pastures and fields of harvest.

Thus far'd the barb'rous armies, when Claudius
Routed their mail-clad hosts in the battle-shock,
And, laying low the van and rearguard,
Strew'd the ground, victor without disaster;

While thou didst give him forces, and guardian
Counsel, and help of Gods. For, on that great day
When suppliant Alexandria's harbour
And all her gates were laid open to thee—

Fortune, thro' three long lustres, with victory
Crown'd all thy efforts made in the prosp'rous war,
And added praise and wish'd-for glory,
Claim'd as thy due for thy former triumphs.

Thee the Cantabrian, never subdu'd before,
And Mede, and Indian;—thee, nomad Scythians
Admire, O thou the present Guardian
Both of Italia, and Rome her mistress!—

Thee, Nilus, who the source of her fountains hides,
And Ister, and the swift-flowing Tigris, fears;—
Thee, too, the sea, which, full of monsters,
Roars on the coasts of remote Britannia;—

Thee the intrepid Gallia; thee, the land
Of stern Iberia, listens, thy voice to hear,
Thee the Sigambrians slaughter-loving
Worship as lord, with their arms abandon'd[c].

ODE XV. (The Praises of Augustus.)

Phœbus rebuk'd me when I would fain have sung
Battles and conquer'd cities, with feeble lyre,
And warn'd me not to tempt the Tyrrhene
Sea with my slight sails. Thy age, O Cæsar,

Hath to our fields brought corn and fertility,
And to our Jove's great temple the standards back,
Torn off in triumph from the Parthians'
Pillars of pride; and, (now free from battles,)

Hath clos'd the Roman fane to old Janus built,
And bridl'd headlong license, which formerly
Outstepp'd the bounds of law and order;—
And hath renew'd the old arts and customs

[c] Or, "Dropping their arms, as their victor worship."

By which the Latin name and Italian strength
Grew of old time, while Rome's great Imperial fame
And majesty have reach'd to Sunrise
E'en from his setting in Western Ocean.

While our great Cæsar guards the affairs of State,
Nor civil war shall mar our tranquillity,
Nor force, nor anger sharp'ning sword-blades,
And setting cities at wretched variance.

Not they who drink the deep-rolling Danube's stream
Shall dare to break the edicts of Julius,
Nor Getæ, Seres, faithless Persians,
Nor they who dwell near the river Tanais.

And we, on days profane and on holy days,
'Twixt the delights of Bacchus the mirth-giver,
We, with our offspring and our matrons,
First having duly invok'd a blessing,

Shall, like our Fathers, laud the departed brave,
While with our pipes we blend the sweet Lydian song,
And Troy and Anchises, and kindly
Venus's progeny praise with singing.

THE SECULAR ODE.

PHŒBUS and Dian, pow'rful in the forest,
Glory of Heav'n! O ever to be worshipp'd,
Now and hereafter, give us what in holy
Season we pray for;—

Season when verses Sibylline advise us
That chosen virgins, with our modest boyhood,
Should the Gods praise, to whom the sev'nhill'd city
Ever is pleasing—

Sun, whose bright car brings daylight and conceals it,
Rising each morn the same and yet another,
May it be thine nought greater than the Roman
City to witness!

Goddess, of skill the ripen'd womb to open,
Kind Ilithyia, look upon our mothers,
Whether Lucina thou be call'd the rather,
Or Genitalis!

Give lengthen'd issue, Goddess, and the Fathers'
Laws do thou prosper, for the marriage-union
Of the young brides, and the marital statutes
Fruitful in offspring!

That the fix'd order may restore the pastimes
Kept each eleventh year ten times o'er recurring,
Thrice by bright daylight, and as oft at pleasing
Nightfall repeated.

Ye too, the Parcæ, ever true in singing
What has once happen'd, and the stable order
Still may preserve, may prosp'rous issues ever
Follow each other.

May the Earth, fruitful both in corn and cattle,
Crown her kind Ceres with a sheafy chaplet,
While healthful streams, and Jove's refreshing breezes
Nourish the yearlings!

Placid and mild, with dart and quiver hidden,
Hear thou thy supplicating youths, Apollo;—
Queen of the stars, thou double-hornèd Luna,
List to thy maidens!

If Rome be your delight, and troops from Ilium
Have in the old time held the shore Etruscan,
(Race bidden both to change their town and Lares,
Safe in their travel;—)

Whither, through blaze of Troy, the chaste Æneas,
Free from the traitor's guilt, a last survivor,
Safely took journey, promising his comrades
More in the future.

Give to our youths, ye Gods, a sense of honour,
Give to our calm old age a time of quiet,
Give to the race of Romulus wealth, offspring,
Glory and honour.

And he who with white oxen venerates you,
He, of Anchises and of Venus issue,
May he, in fight superior, the fallen
Enemy pity!

Now, too, our bands, by sea and land triumphant,
Medians fear, and our Albanian axes;—
Now do the Scythians feel our power, so lately
Haughty, and Indians.

Now Faith, and Peace, and Modesty, and Honour
Fit for old times, and Virtue, once neglected,
Dare to return, and Plenty, with her blessèd
Horn of abundance—

He, too, the Augur with the bow of brightness,
Phœbus, accepted by the nine Camœnæ,
Who with his healing art relieves the weary
Limbs of the body;—

If Palatinian altars with benignant
Eye he surveys, and Rome, and happy Latium,
May he prolong our age to other ever
Happier lustrums!

And she who Aventine and Algid mountain
Owns, may Diana hear the supplications
Of the Fifteen, and to our youths' devotions
Carefully listen.

Yes! that great Jove, and all the Gods beside him,
Yield to our vows, a hope both good and certain
Do we bring home, the chorus skill'd in praising
Phœbus and Dian.

PRINTED BY JAMES PARKER AND CO.,
CROWN YARD, OXFORD.

RETURN TO ➔ CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1 HOME USE	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405
6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

JAN 21 1979

IN STACKS

SEP 22 1978

REC. CIR. JUL 2 '80

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
FORM NO. DD6, 40m, 3/78 BERKELEY, CA 94720

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C043997738